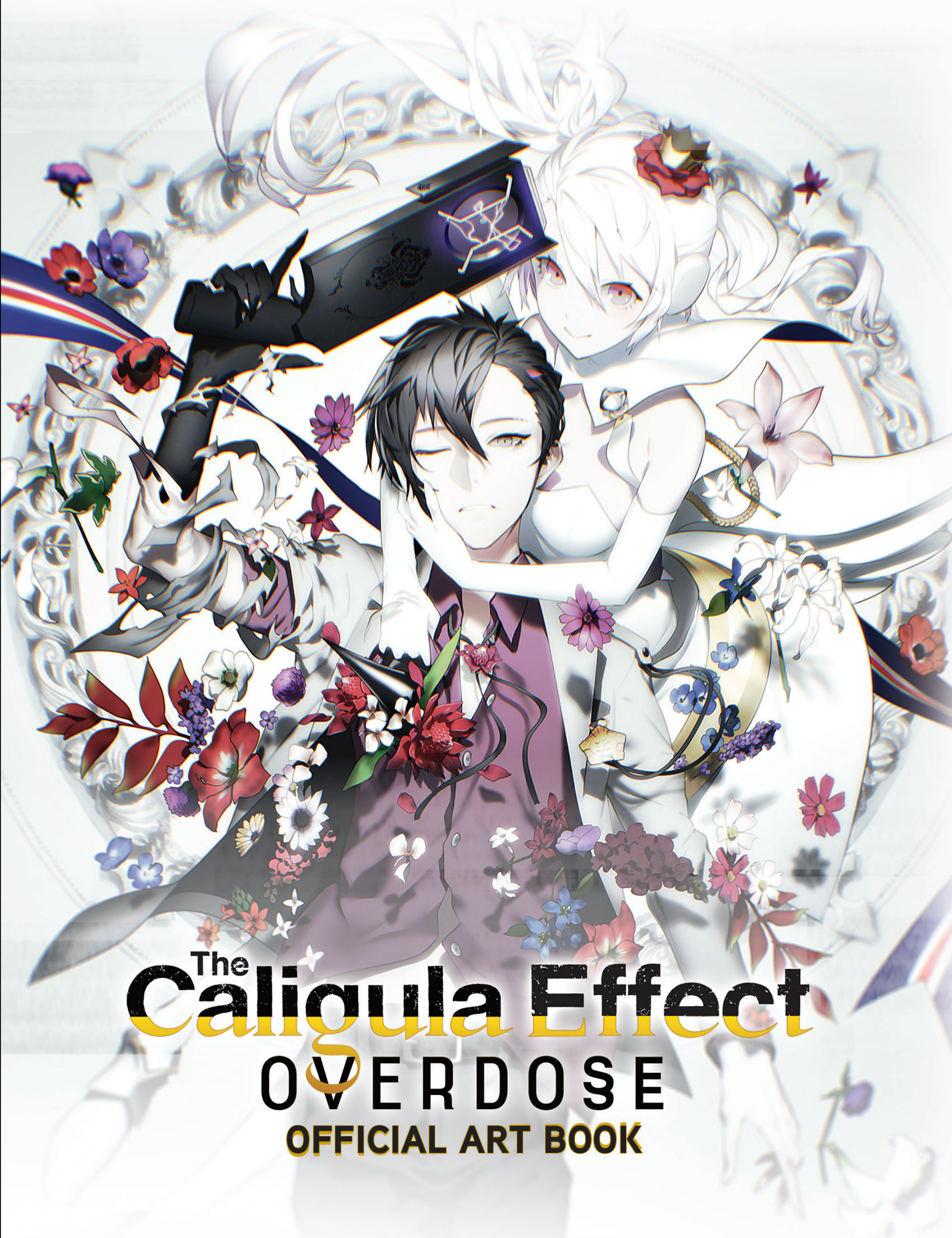
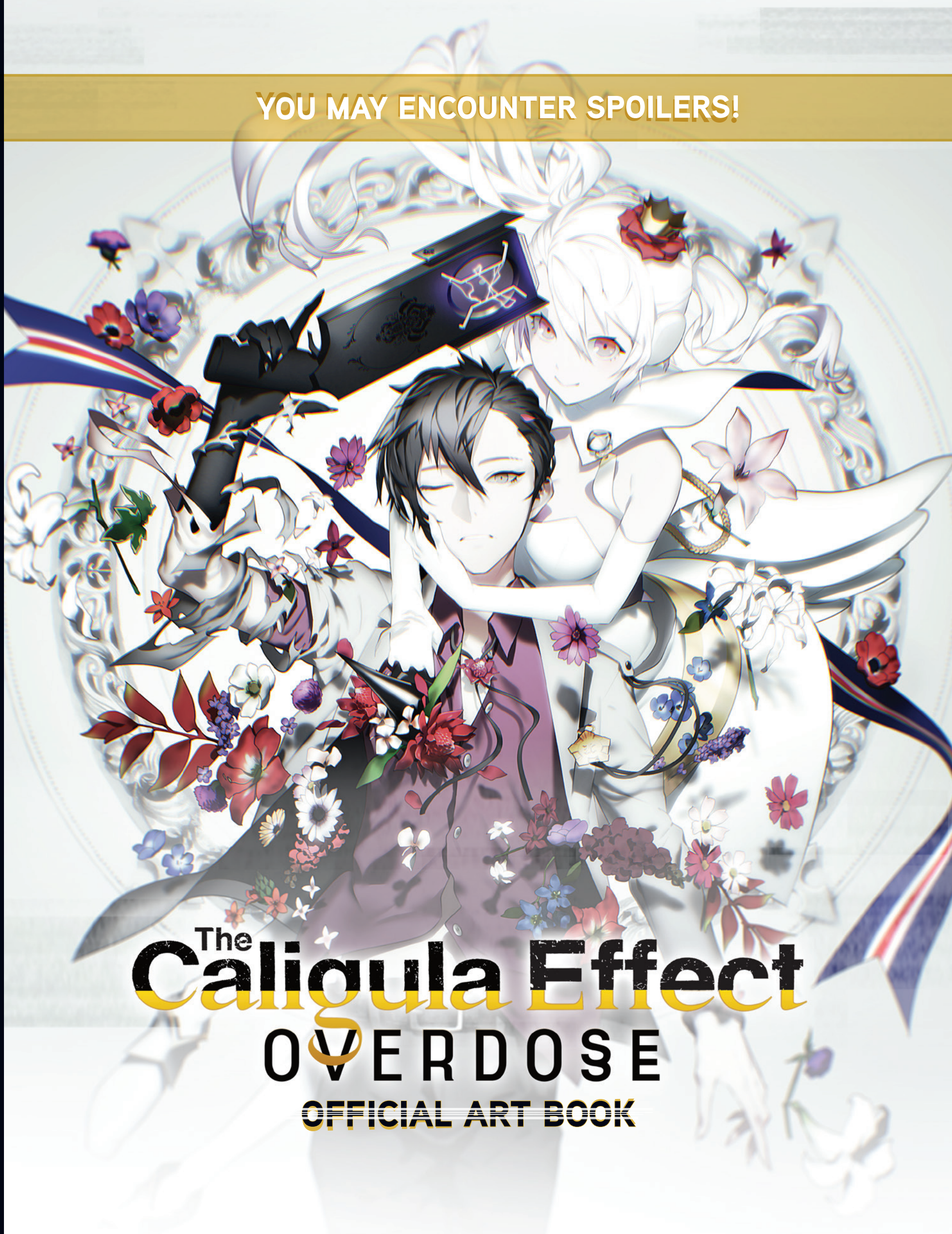


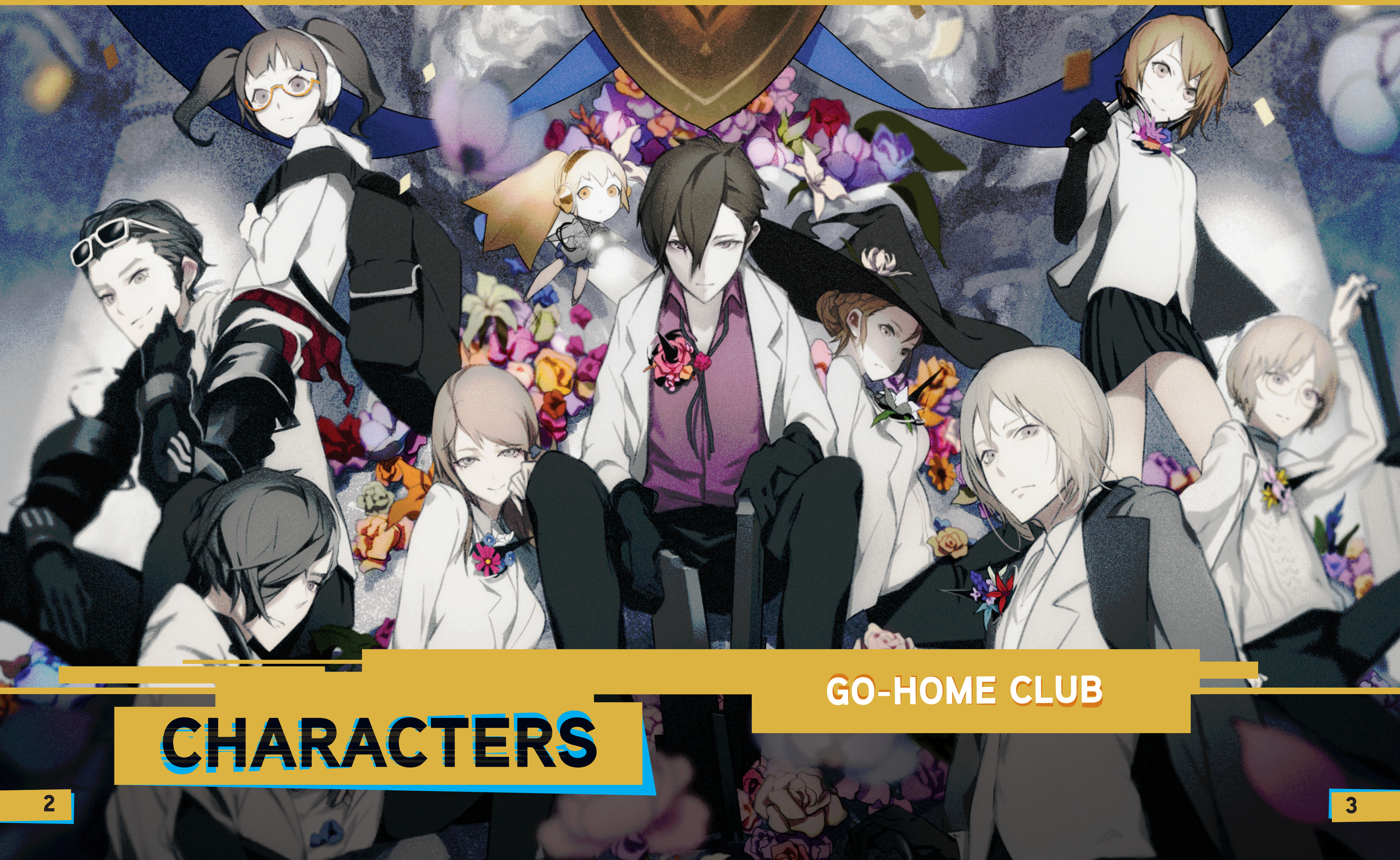
# The Caligula Effect OVERDOSE

## OFFICIAL ART BOOK

YOU MAY ENCOUNTER SPOILERS!



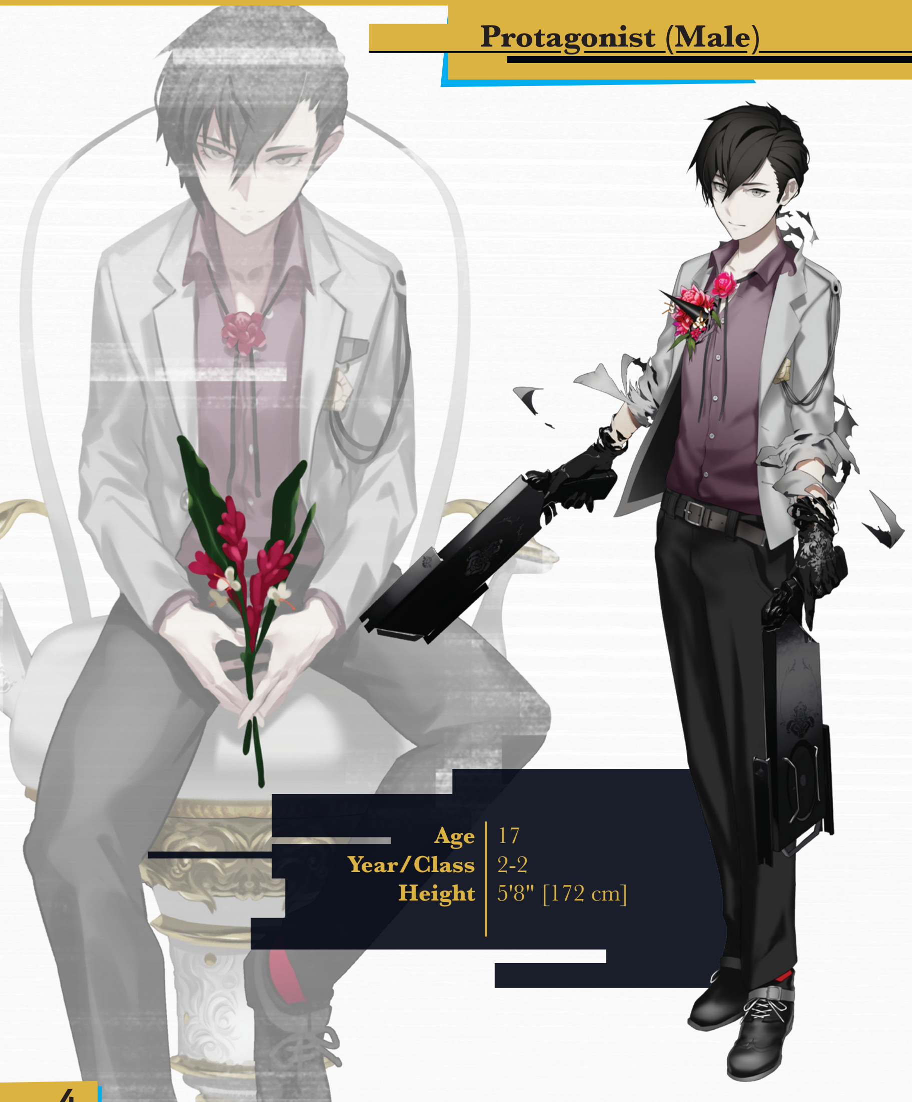
# The Caligula Effect
# OVERDOSE
## OFFICIAL ART BOOK



# CHARACTERS

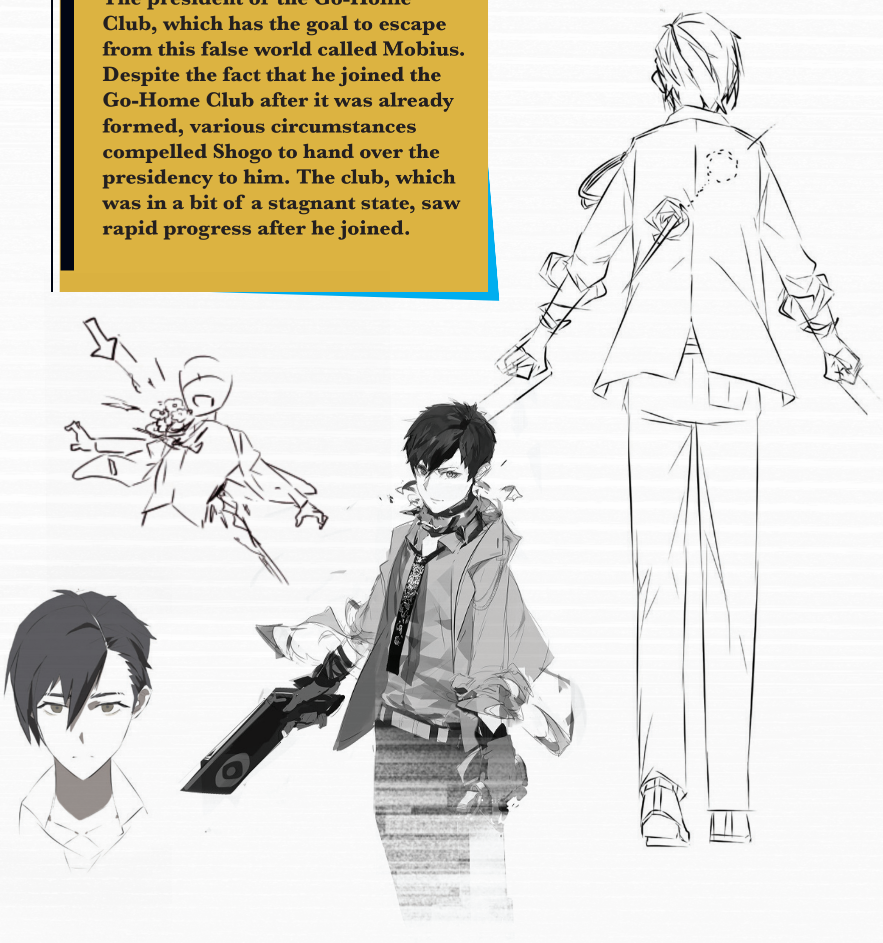
## GO-HOME CLUB

# Protagonist (Male)

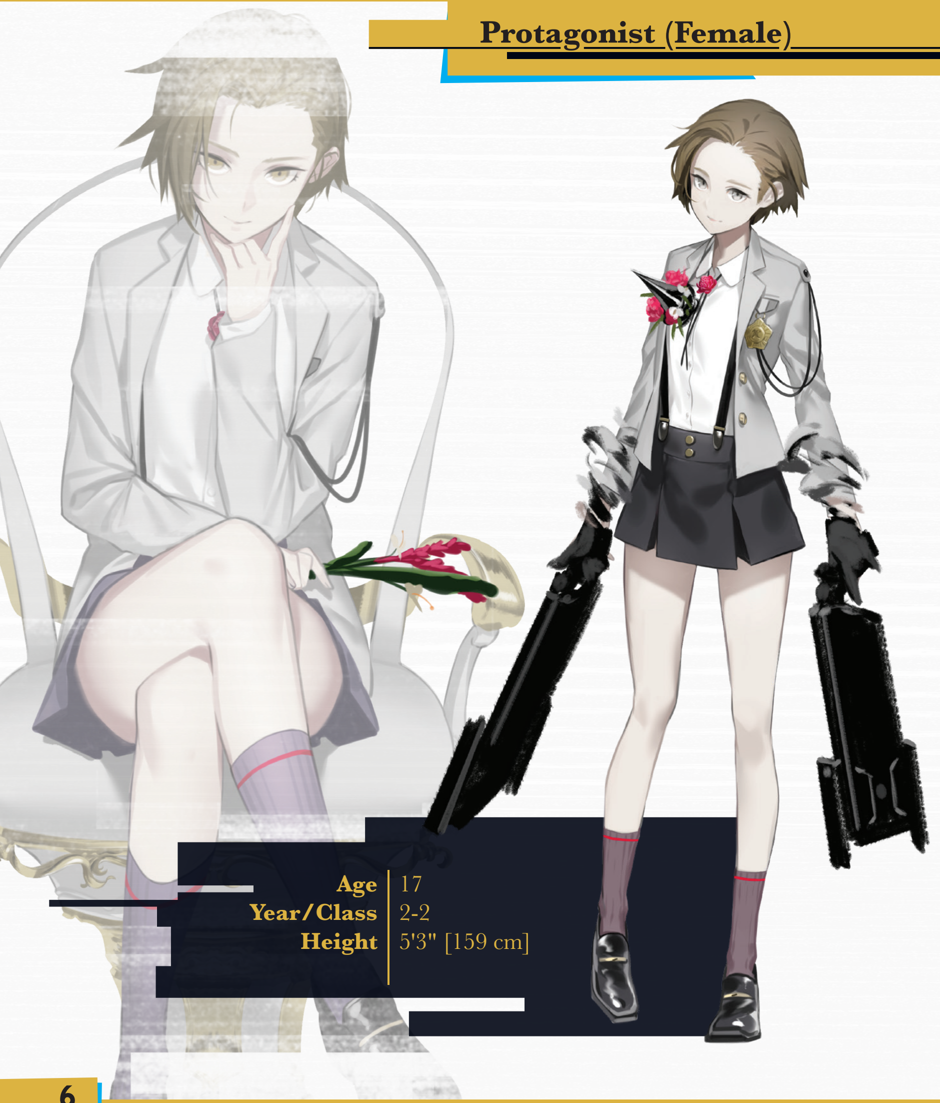


| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 17 |
| **Year/Class** | 2-2 |
| **Height** | 5'8" [172 cm] |

**The president of the Go-Home Club, which has the goal to escape from this false world called Mobius. Despite the fact that he joined the Go-Home Club after it was already formed, various circumstances compelled Shogo to hand over the presidency to him. The club, which was in a bit of a stagnant state, saw rapid progress after he joined.**

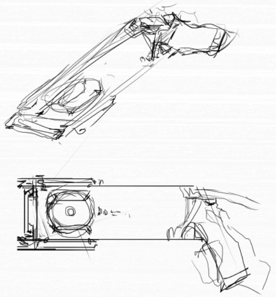


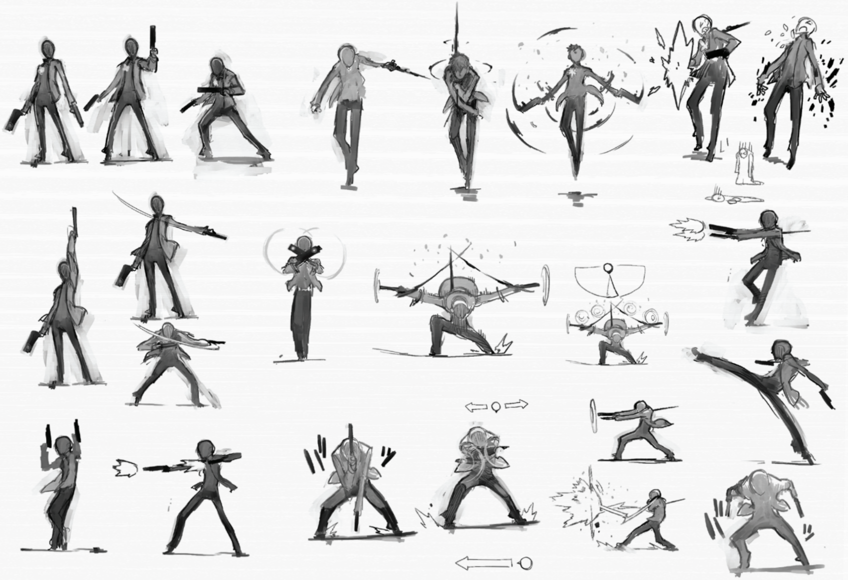
## Protagonist (Female)



| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 17 |
| **Year/Class** | 2-2 |
| **Height** | 5'3" [159 cm] |

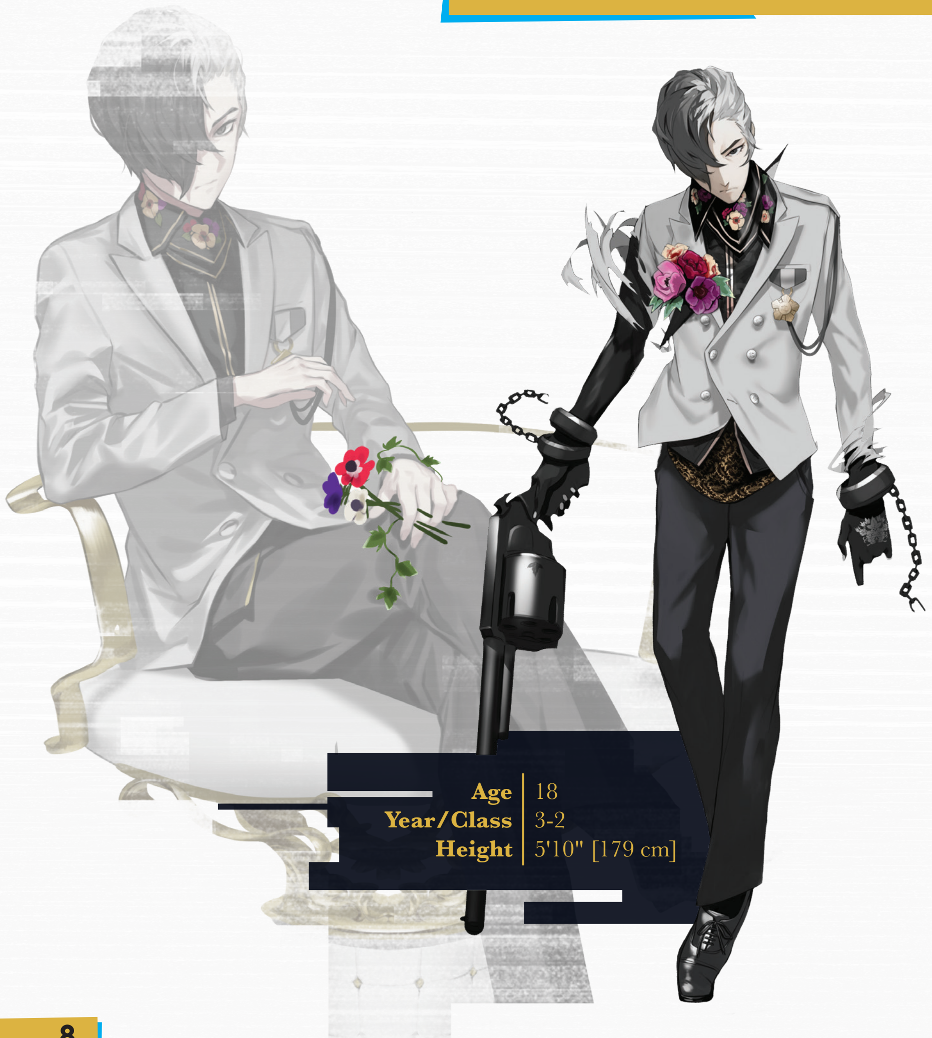
**The president of the Go-Home Club, which has the goal to escape from this false world called Mobius. Despite the fact that she joined the Go-Home Club after it was already formed, various circumstances compelled Shogo to hand over the presidency to her. The club, which was in a bit of a stagnant state, saw rapid progress after she joined.**



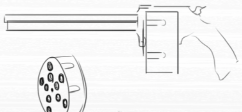


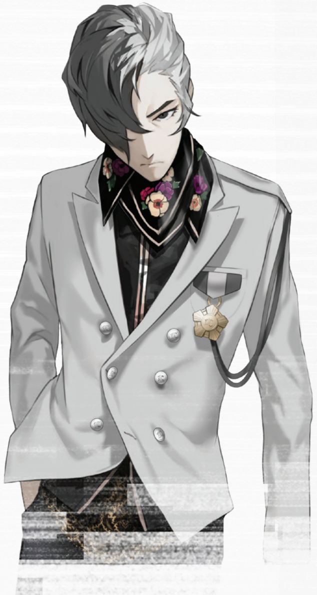
## Shogo Satake

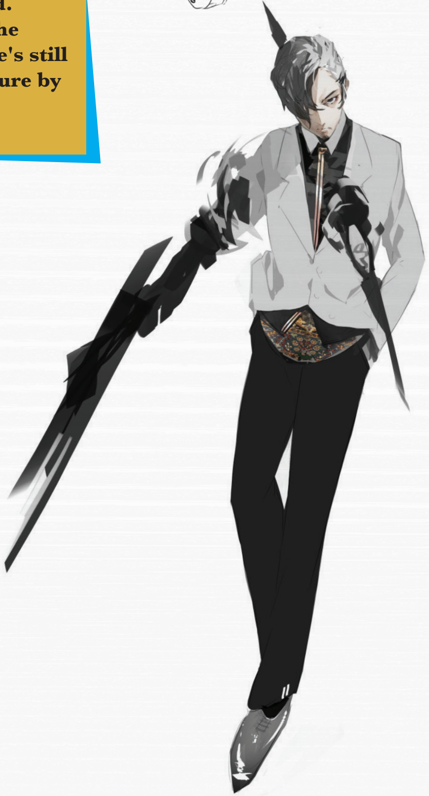
The former president of the Go-Home Club who has experienced the Mobius "loop" numerous times. He carries a lethargic demeanor and is prone to philosophical thoughts, but his eyes hide deep hopelessness and a strong desire to return to the real world. Even though Shogo hands over the presidency to the protagonist, he's still regarded as an older brother figure by his friends.



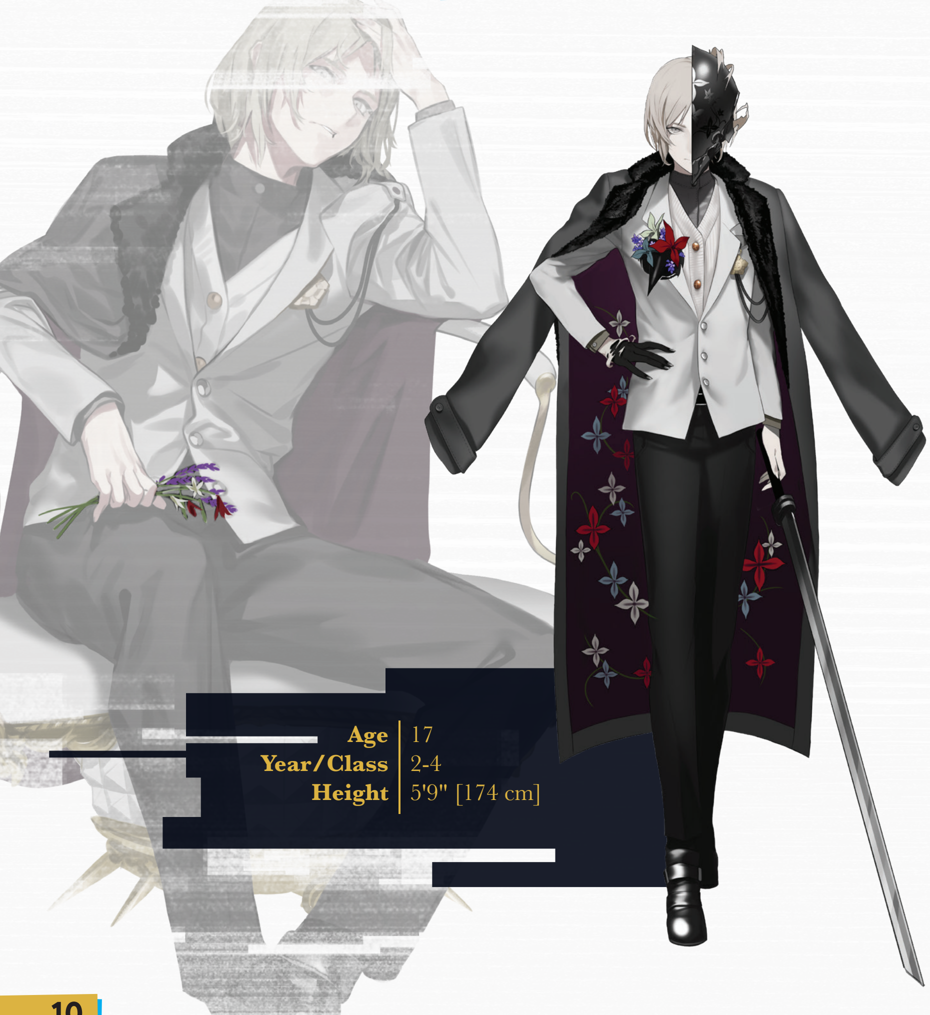
| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 18 |
| **Year/Class** | 3-2 |
| **Height** | 5'10" [179 cm] |





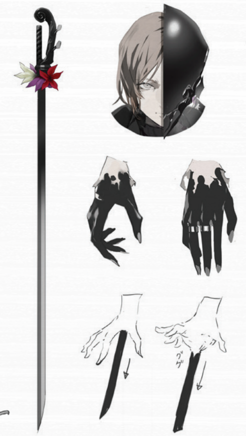


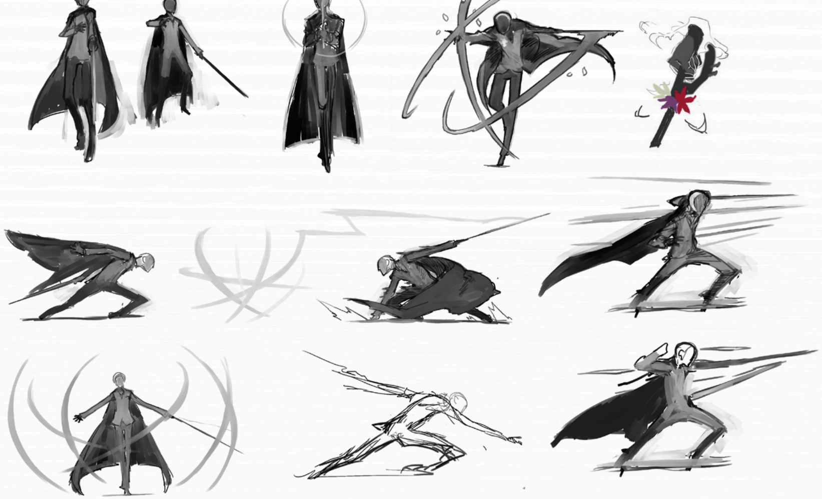
# Izuru Minezawa



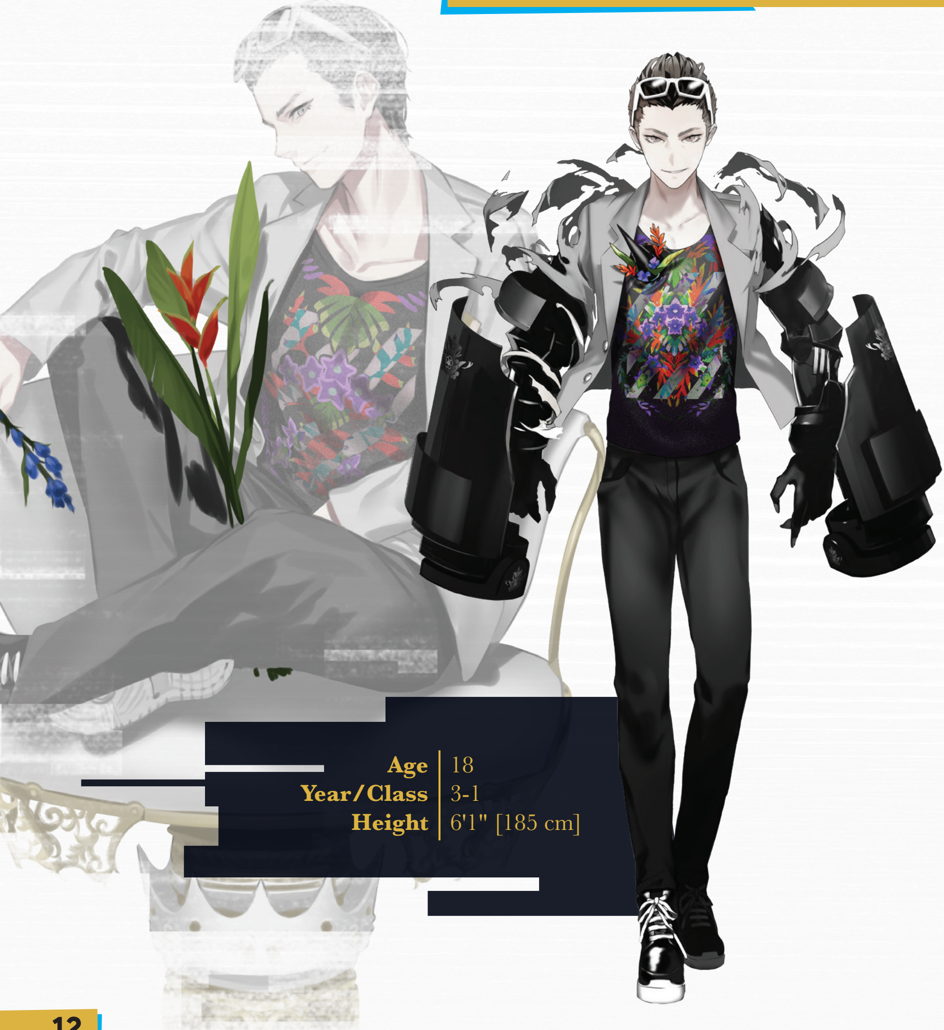
| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 17 |
| **Year/Class** | 2-4 |
| **Height** | 5'9" [174 cm] |

**A stunningly gorgeous young man who turns many heads. Izuru's appearance in Mobius echoes that of an obscure, deceased celebrity in the real world. He's withdrawn and emotionless, showing no interest in being associated with others. Izuru is aware that Mobius is a false world, but he continuously refuses the Go-Home Club's repeated invitations to join, preferring to seek his own method to escape.**



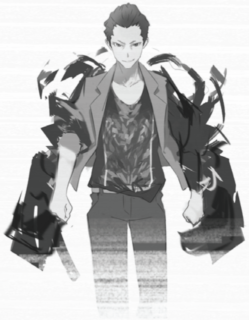


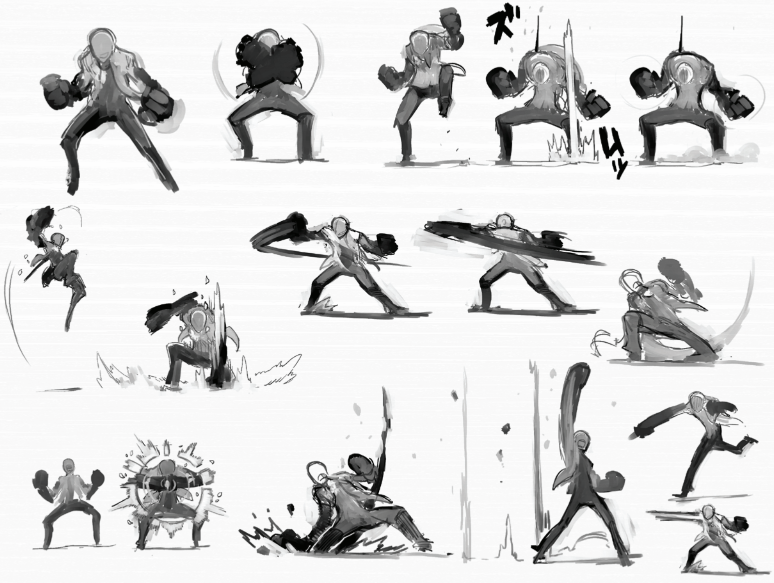
# Kotaro Tomoe



| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 18 |
| **Year/Class** | 3-1 |
| **Height** | 6'1" [185 cm] |

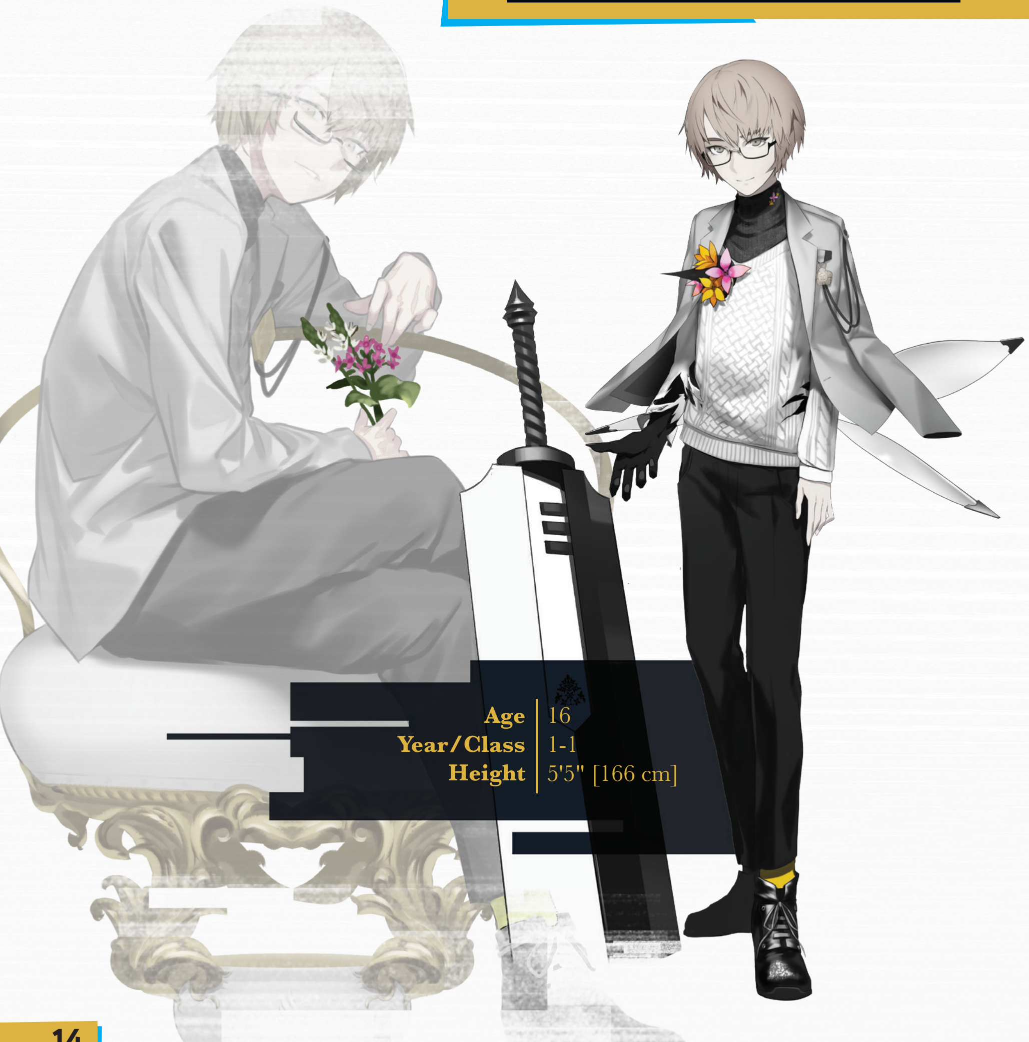
**A nosy and noisy boy whose cheerful attitude doesn't exactly match his large build. He often sets the mood in the Go-Home Club and can't abandon people if they need help. His favorite words are "love" and "friendship," he deeply respects his father, and he always talks about his dream of becoming a rescue worker. At first glance, Kotaro seems like a bright and energetic kid, but as time goes on, it becomes apparent that he's quite the troublemaker.**



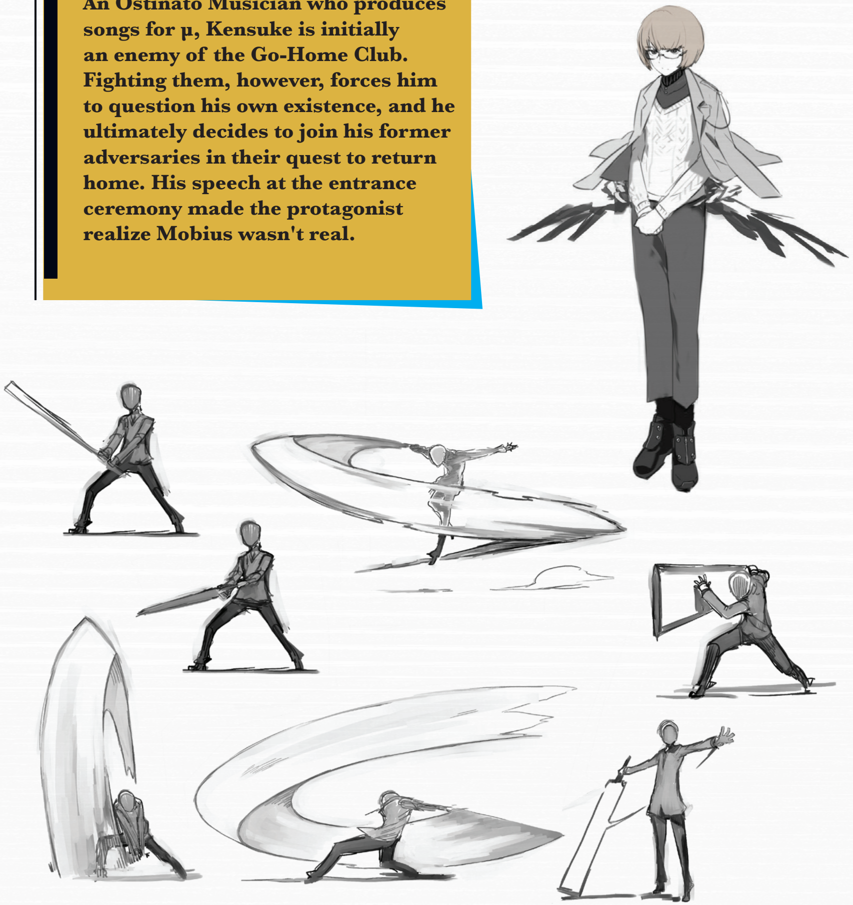


## Kensuke Hibiki

An Ostinato Musician who produces songs for μ, Kensuke is initially an enemy of the Go-Home Club. Fighting them, however, forces him to question his own existence, and he ultimately decides to join his former adversaries in their quest to return home. His speech at the entrance ceremony made the protagonist realize Mobius wasn't real.



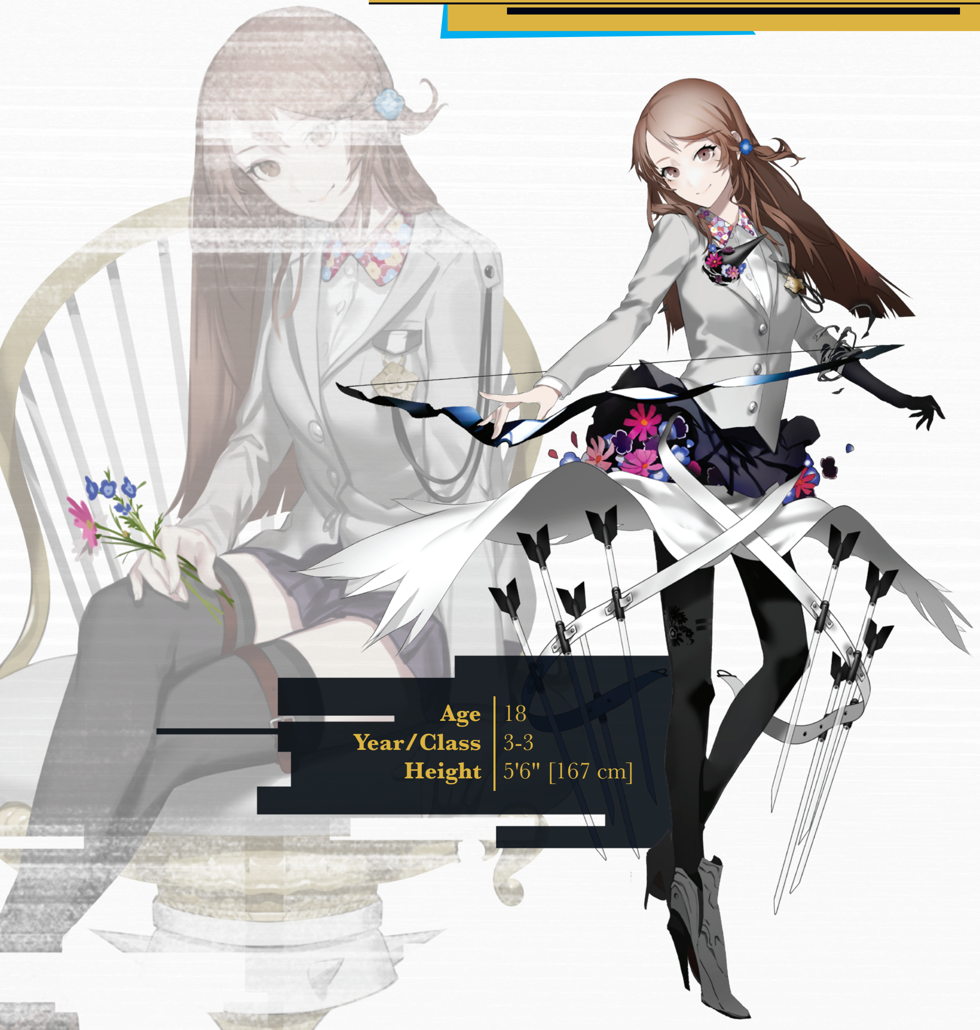
| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 16 |
| **Year/Class** | 1-1 |
| **Height** | 5'5" [166 cm] |

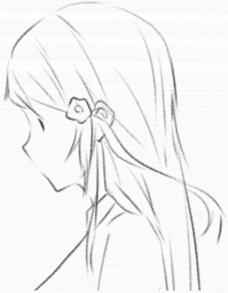


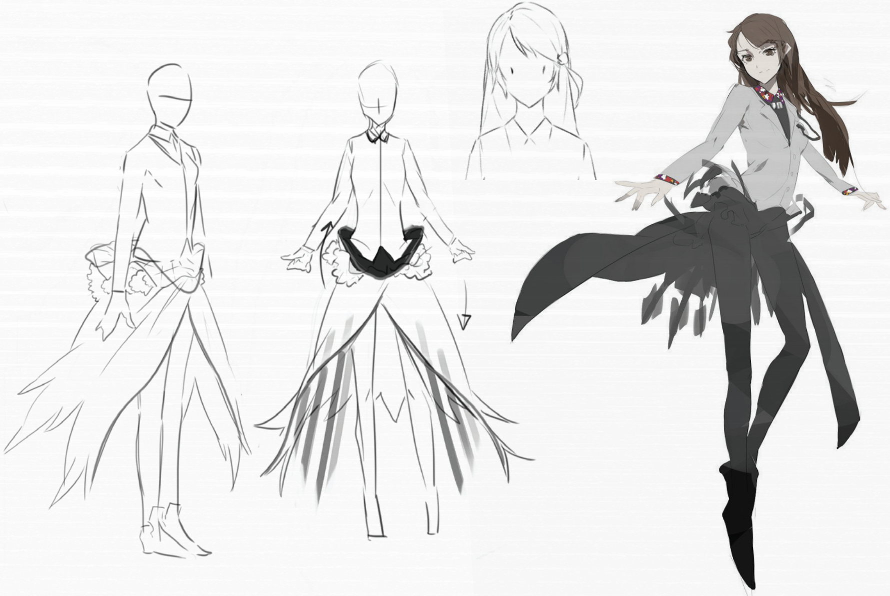
## Kotono Kashiwaba

**An alluring young woman with a soothing personality and a prim, mature aura. Her charm is both innocent and seductive, and she's kind to everyone she meets, making her especially popular with the men. Kotono is seen as an older sister figure in the Go-Home Club.**

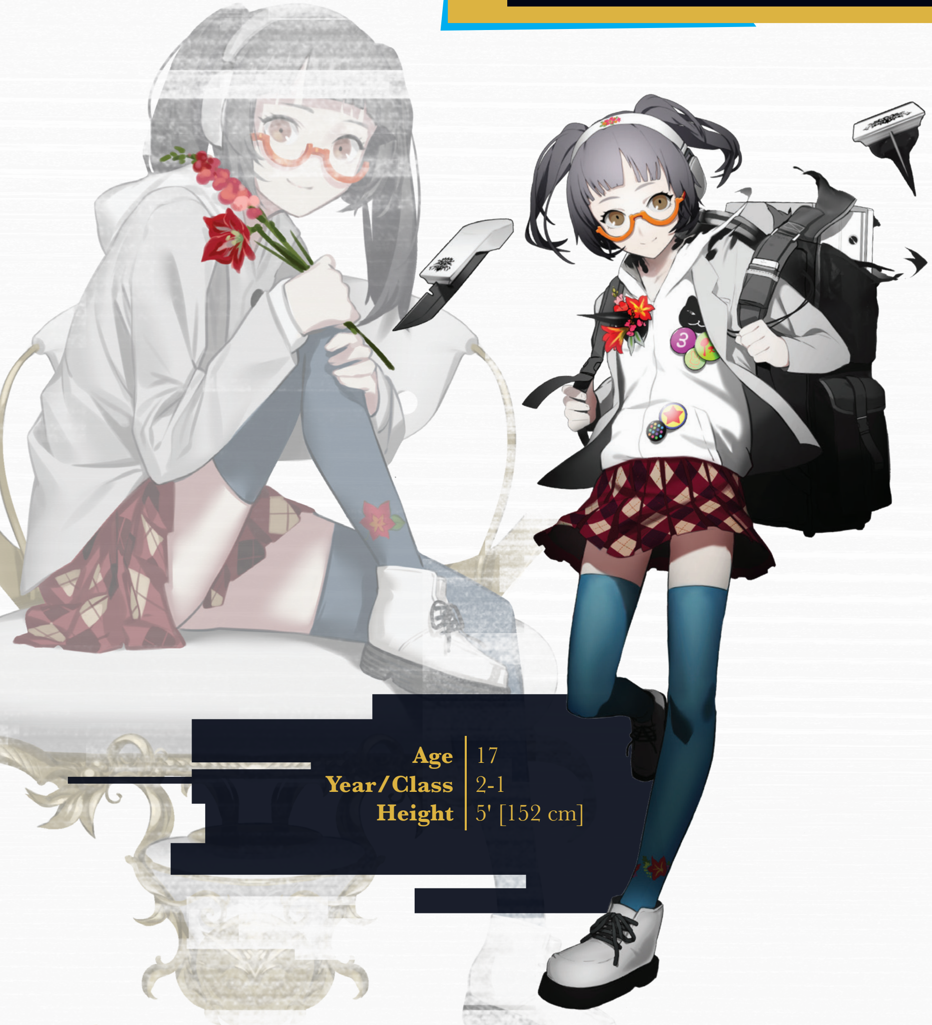
| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 18 |
| **Year/Class** | 3-3 |
| **Height** | 5'6" [167 cm] |





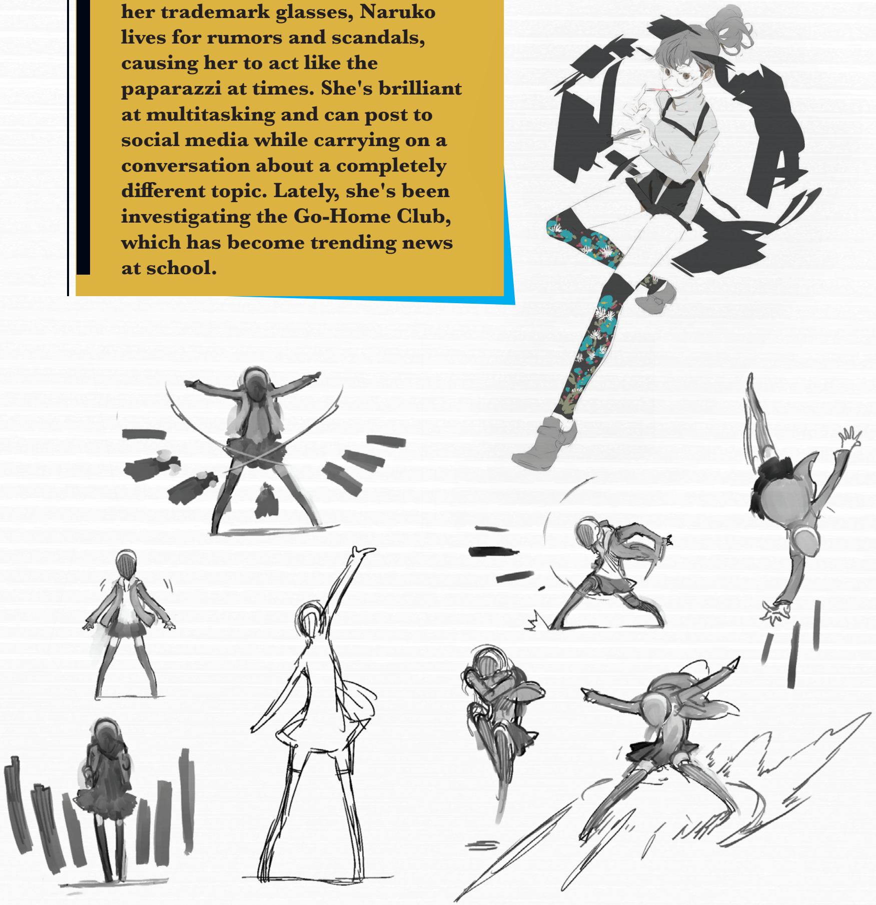


## Naruko Morita



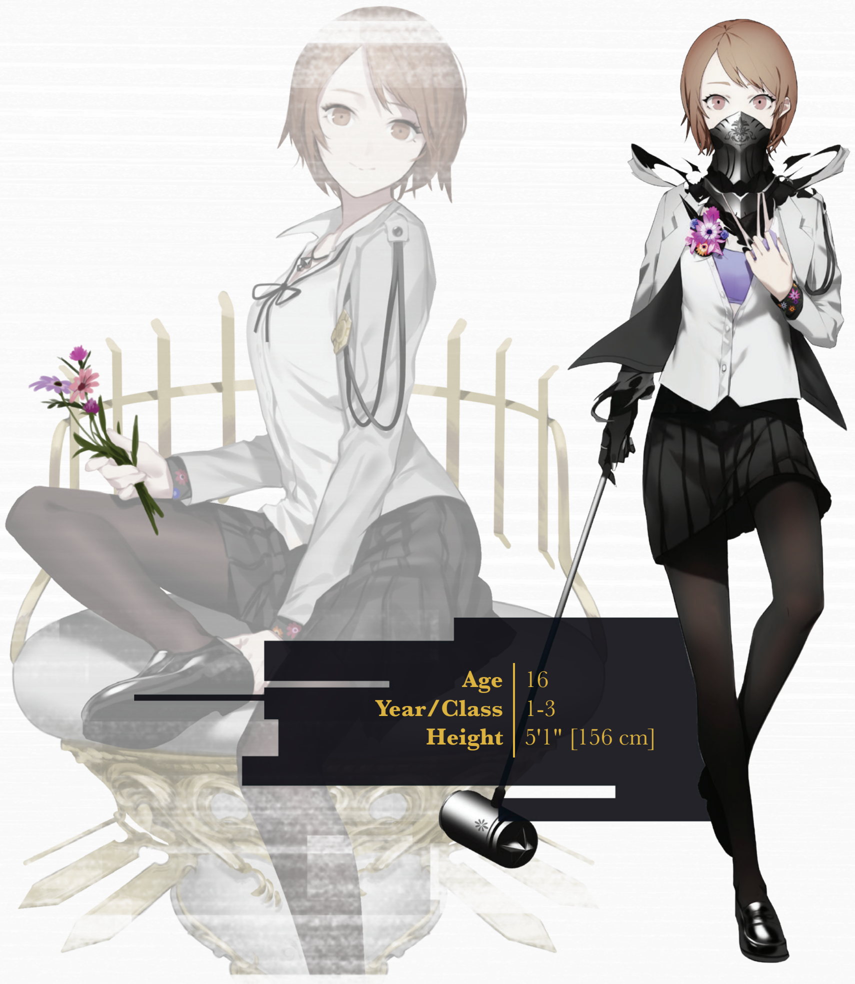
| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 17 |
| **Year/Class** | 2-1 |
| **Height** | 5' [152 cm] |

**A petite girl rarely seen without her trademark glasses, Naruko lives for rumors and scandals, causing her to act like the paparazzi at times. She's brilliant at multitasking and can post to social media while carrying on a conversation about a completely different topic. Lately, she's been investigating the Go-Home Club, which has become trending news at school.**

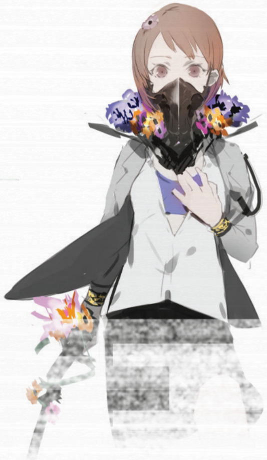


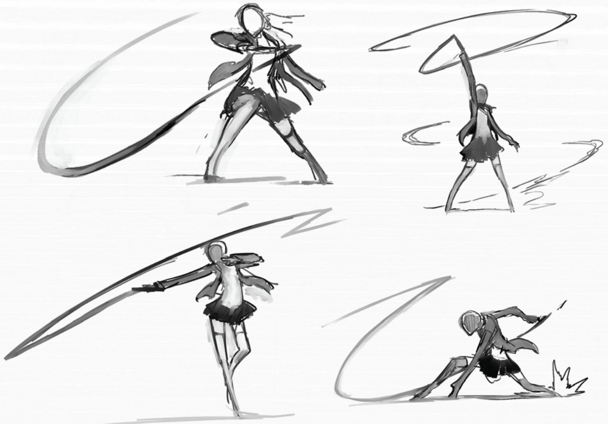
## Mifue Shinohara

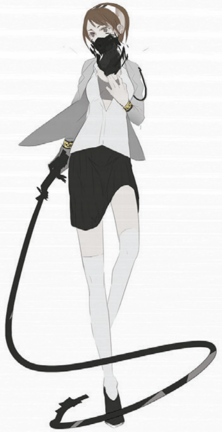
Mifue is an athletic girl with short, sleek hair and large eyes. Her favorite foods are chocolate cornets and whipped cream. She has a cheerful, bold personality, is seen eating and laughing a lot, and frequently lightens the mood among the other girls. She's in the same year as Suzuna and is good friends with her.



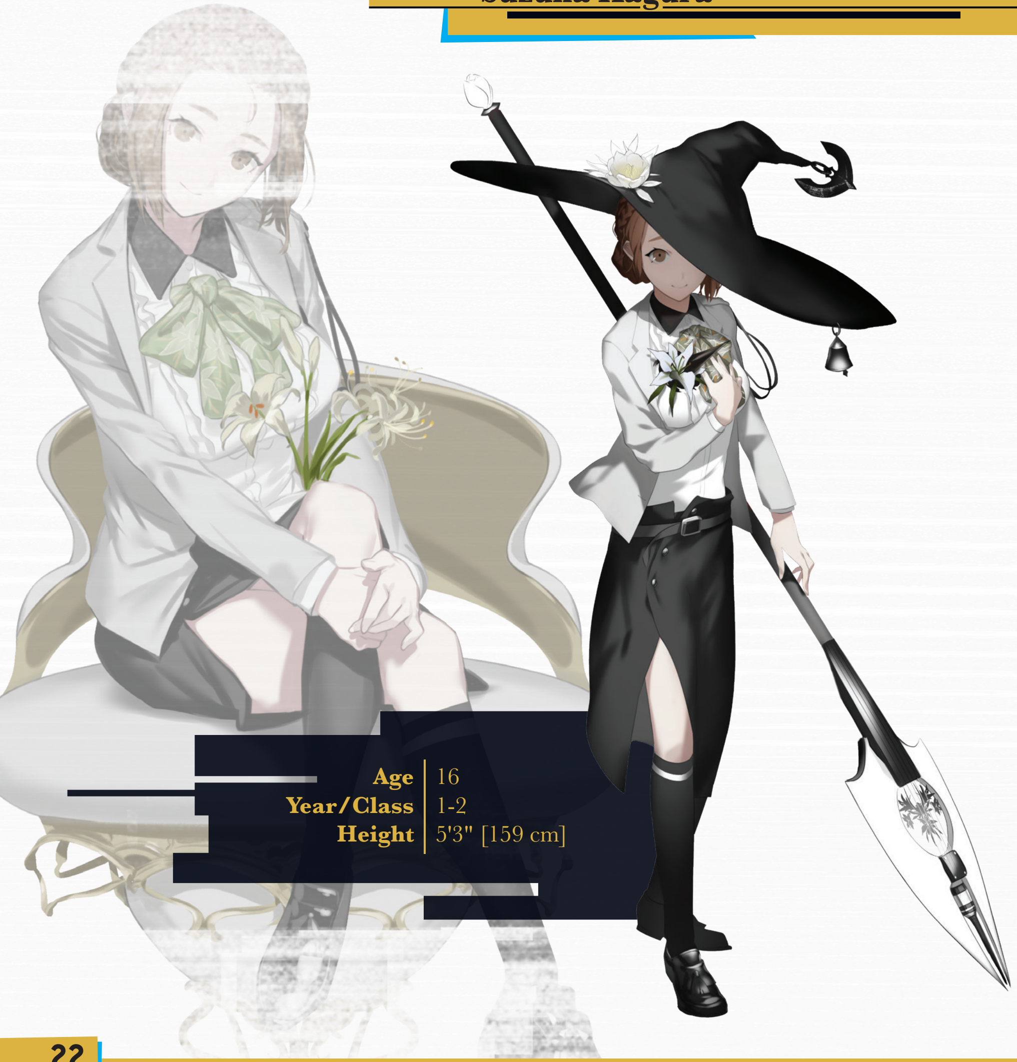
| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 16 |
| **Year/Class** | 1-3 |
| **Height** | 5'1" [156 cm] |





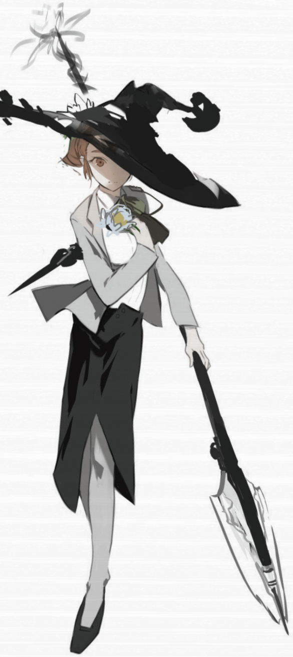


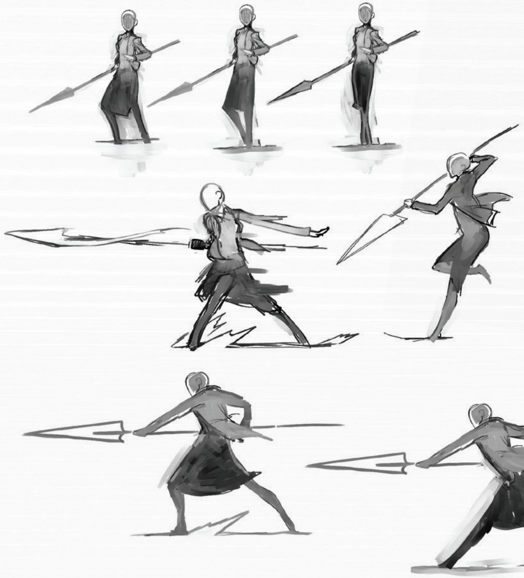
## Suzuna Kagura



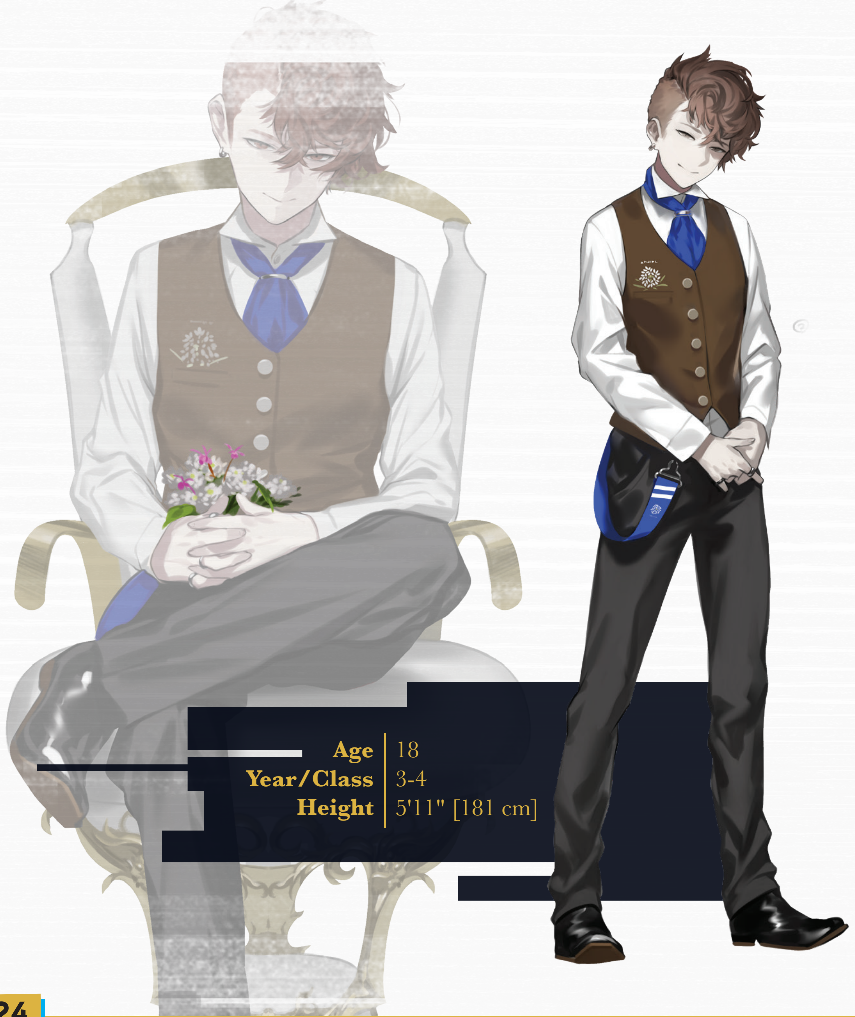
| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 16 |
| **Year/Class** | 1-2 |
| **Height** | 5'3" [159 cm] |

**Suzuna is a quiet girl who usually has a worried look on her face. She is timid and has trouble maintaining eye contact when she speaks, but once she sets her mind to something, she'll always find a way to achieve it. However, her voice can get pretty loud when she's determined, forcing people around her to cover their ears or risk hearing loss.**



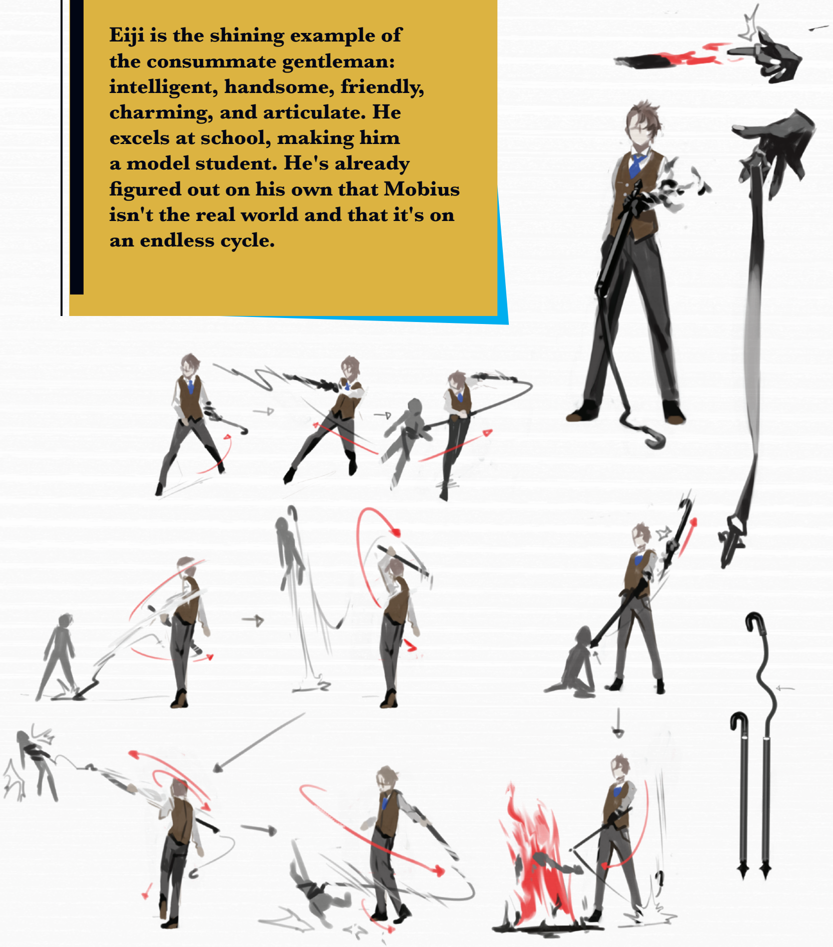


## Eiji Biwasaka

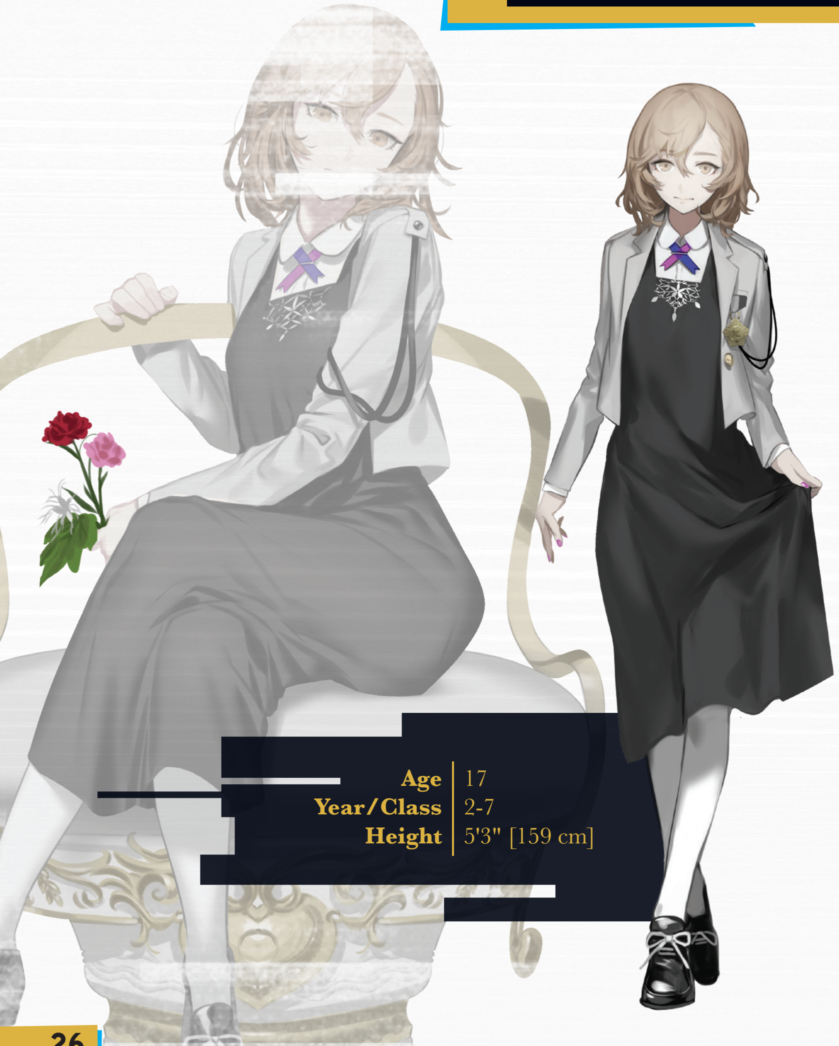


| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 18 |
| **Year/Class** | 3-4 |
| **Height** | 5'11" [181 cm] |

**Eiji is the shining example of the consummate gentleman: intelligent, handsome, friendly, charming, and articulate. He excels at school, making him a model student. He's already figured out on his own that Mobius isn't the real world and that it's on an endless cycle.**

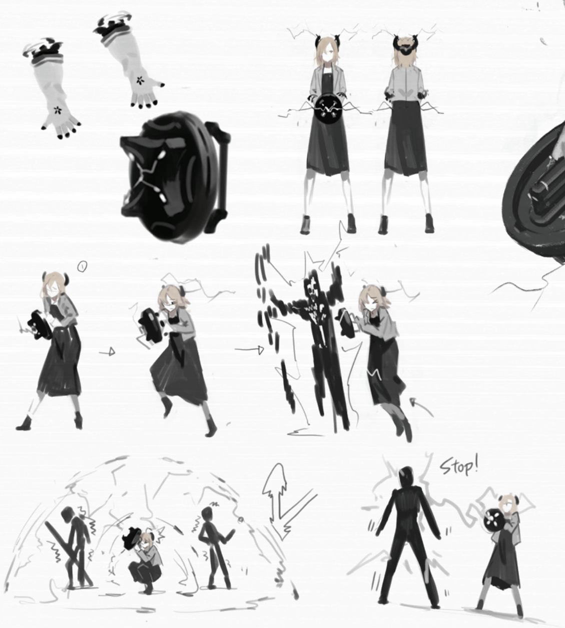


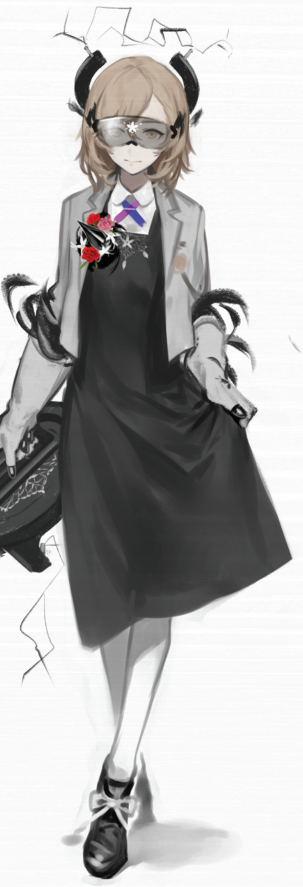
## Ayana Amamoto

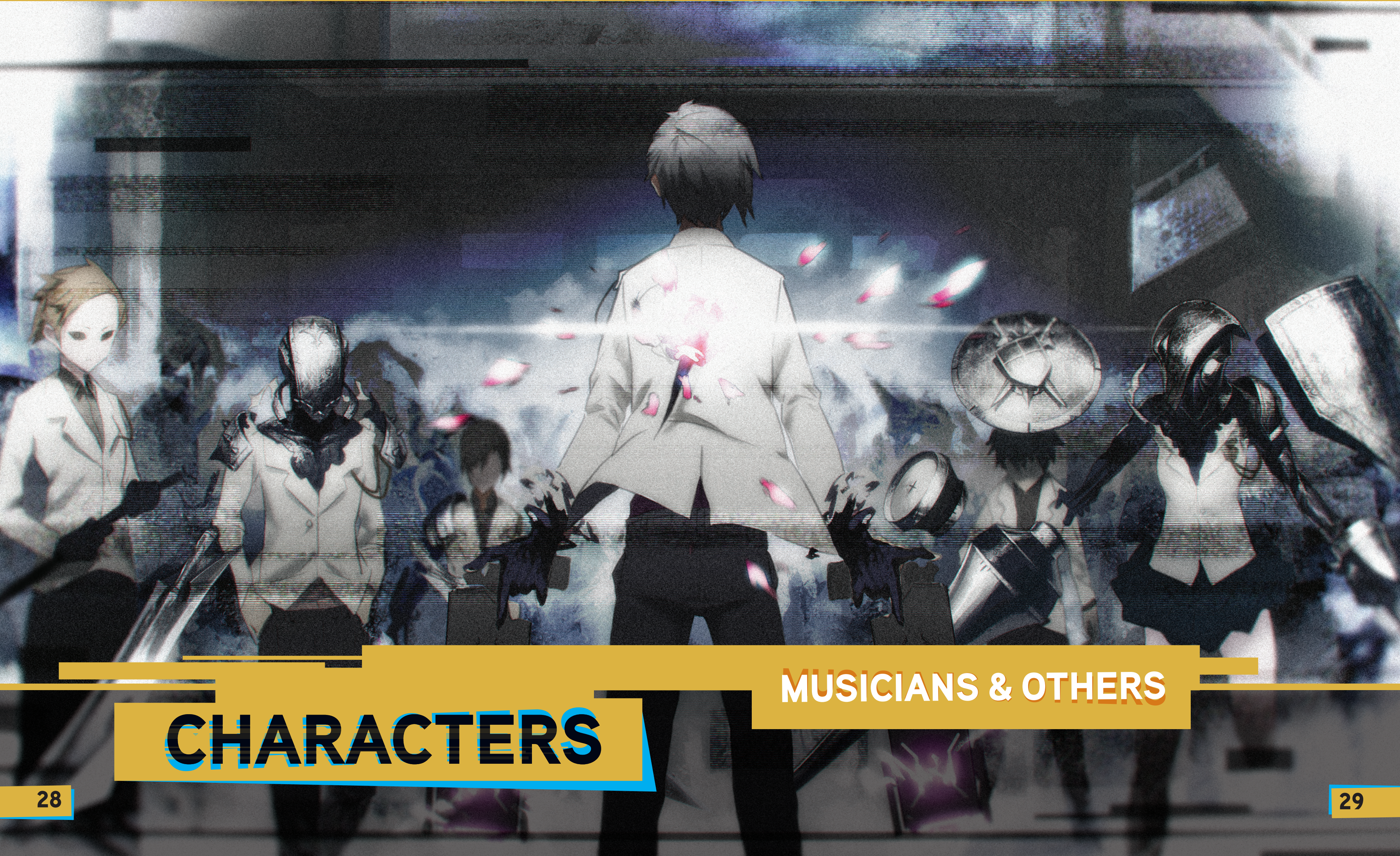


| | |
|---|---|
| **Age** | 17 |
| **Year/Class** | 2-7 |
| **Height** | 5'3" [159 cm] |

A graceful beauty who attracts many people, Ayana is smart and has a strong sense of character. However, she lacks the ability to talk to men and can be violent toward them, including the men of the Go-Home Club. Her temperament and responses vary greatly depending on the protagonist's gender.



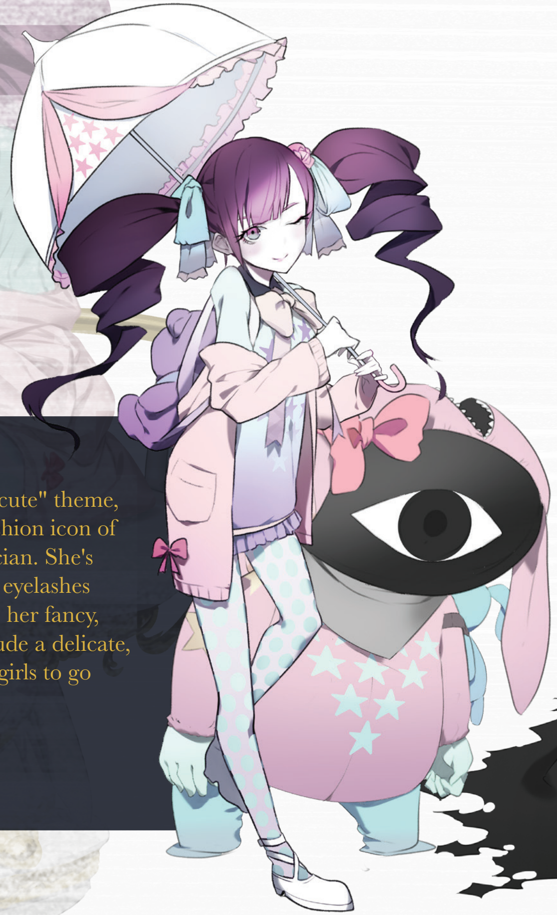




# CHARACTERS

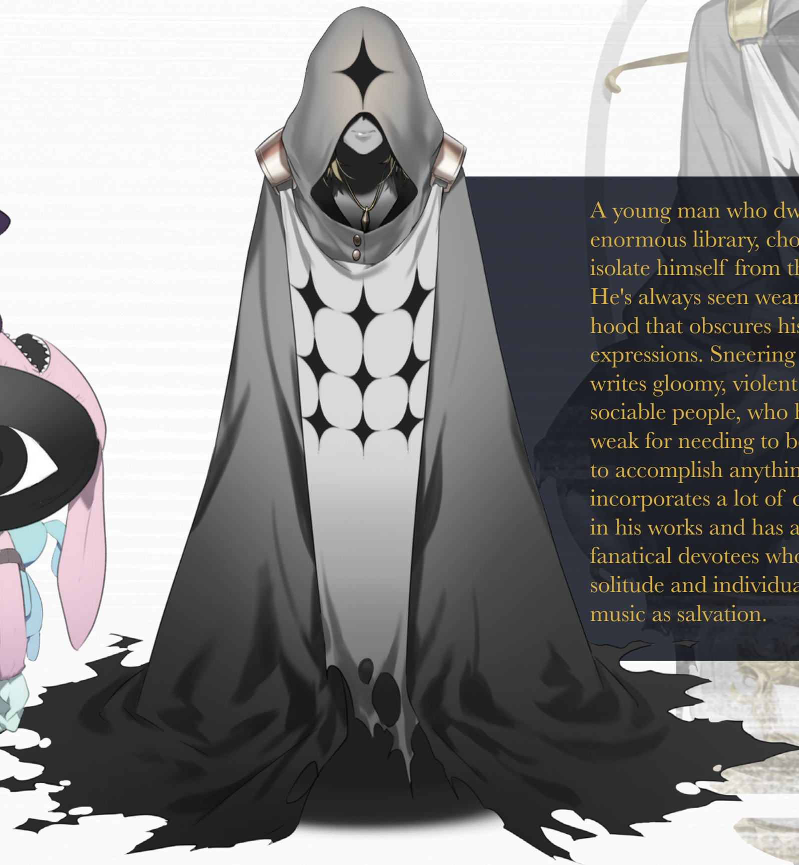
## MUSICIANS & OTHERS

## Sweet-P



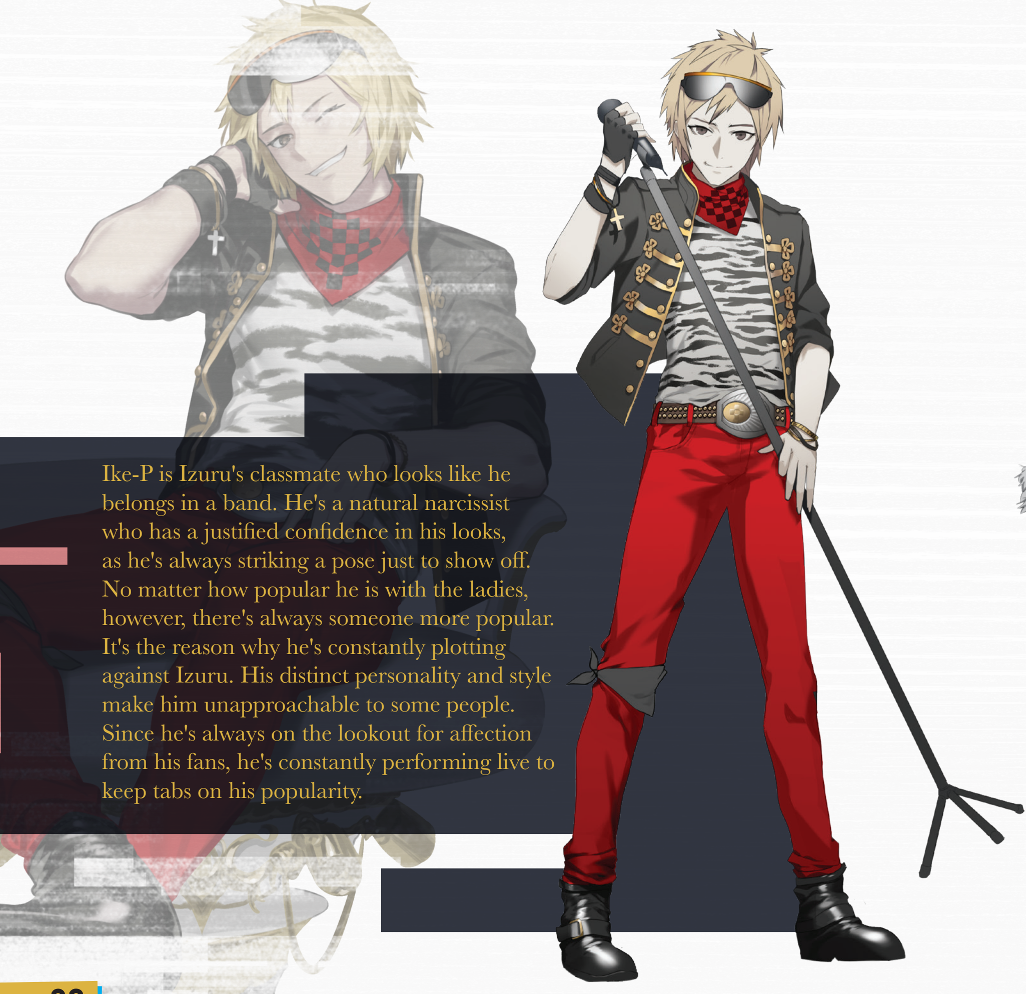
True to her fairytale, "dreamy-cute" theme, Sweet-P is both the premier fashion icon of Mobius and an Ostinato Musician. She's easily recognizable by her long eyelashes and big, beautiful eyes. Just like her fancy, pastel style, Sweet-P's songs exude a delicate, feminine quality, which causes girls to go insane over her music.

## Shonen-Doll



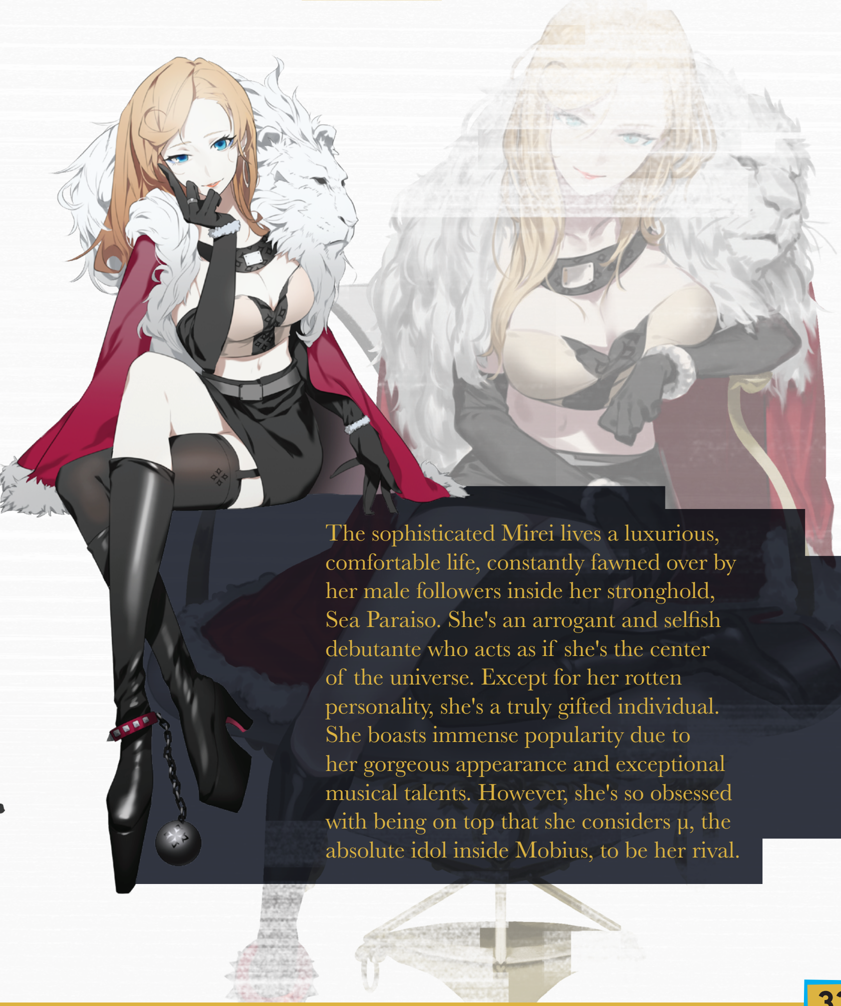
A young man who dwells in Mobius' enormous library, choosing to completely isolate himself from the outside world. He's always seen wearing a low-hanging hood that obscures his face and hides his expressions. Sneering at the masses, he writes gloomy, violent songs that attack sociable people, who he perceives as weak for needing to be around others to accomplish anything worthwhile. He incorporates a lot of complex themes in his works and has a strong group of fanatical devotees who not only embrace solitude and individuality, but also see his music as salvation.

## Ike-P



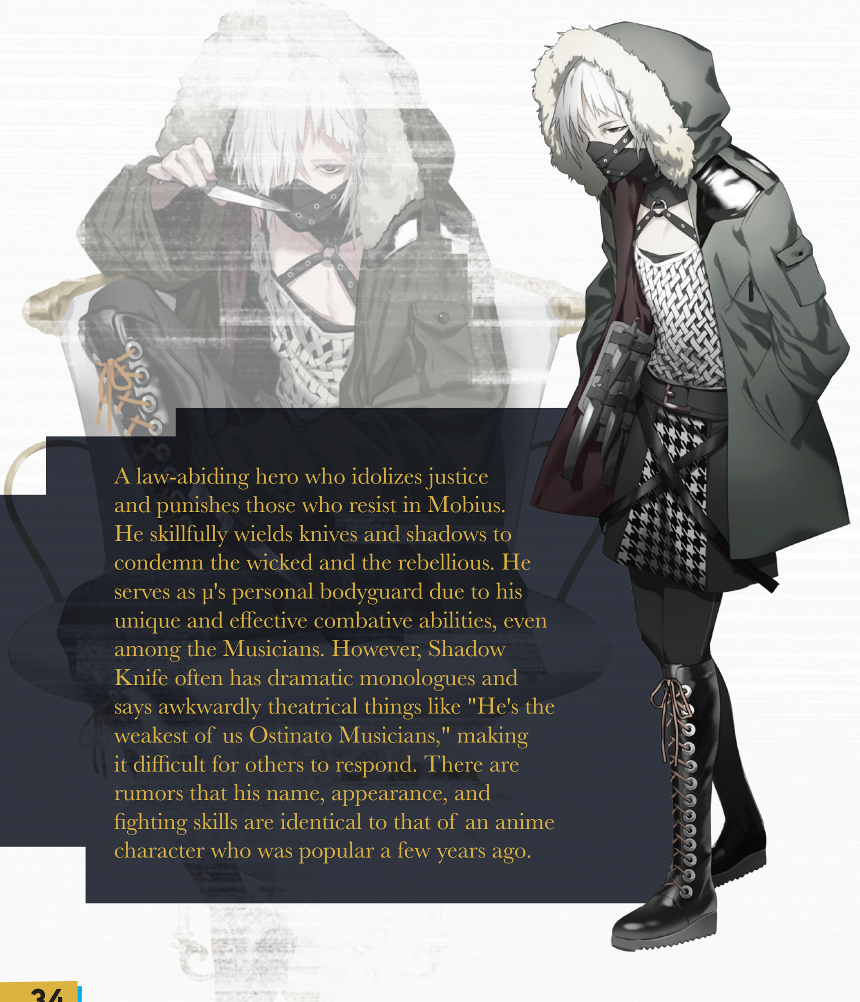
Ike-P is Izuru's classmate who looks like he belongs in a band. He's a natural narcissist who has a justified confidence in his looks, as he's always striking a pose just to show off. No matter how popular he is with the ladies, however, there's always someone more popular. It's the reason why he's constantly plotting against Izuru. His distinct personality and style make him unapproachable to some people. Since he's always on the lookout for affection from his fans, he's constantly performing live to keep tabs on his popularity.

## Mirei



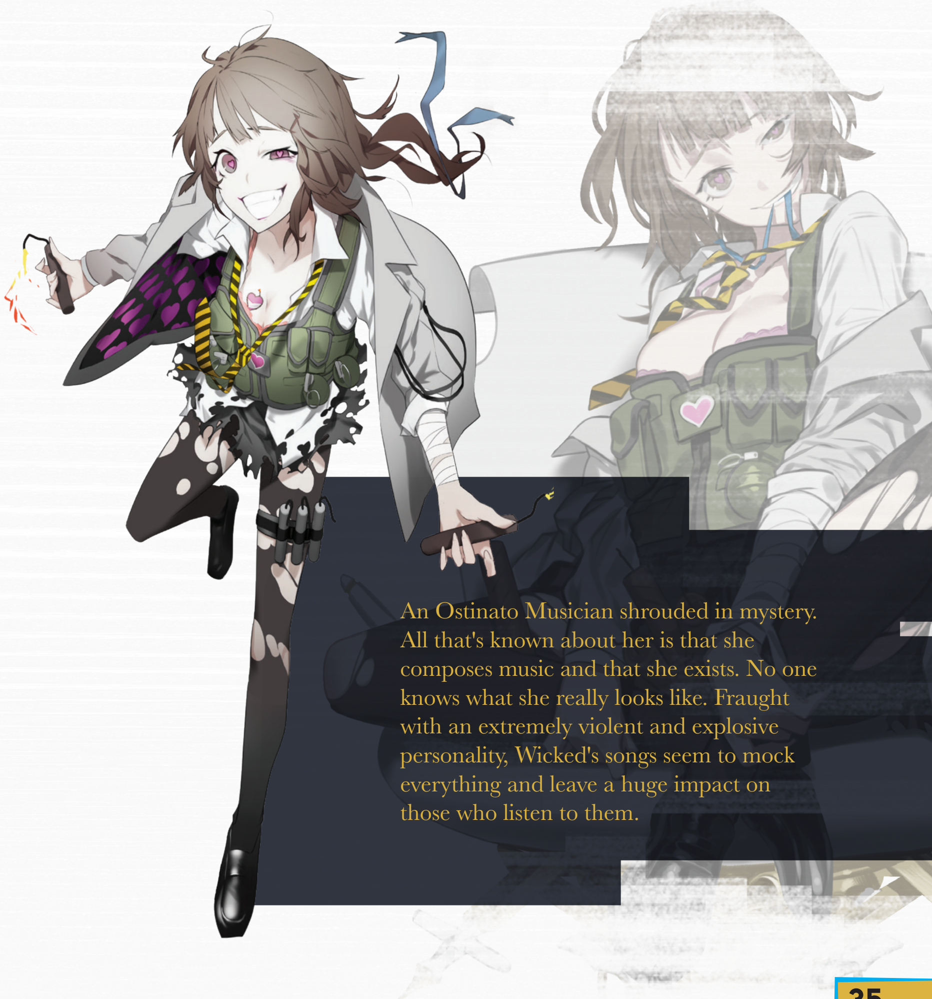
The sophisticated Mirei lives a luxurious, comfortable life, constantly fawned over by her male followers inside her stronghold, Sea Paraiso. She's an arrogant and selfish debutante who acts as if she's the center of the universe. Except for her rotten personality, she's a truly gifted individual. She boasts immense popularity due to her gorgeous appearance and exceptional musical talents. However, she's so obsessed with being on top that she considers μ, the absolute idol inside Mobius, to be her rival.

## Shadow Knife



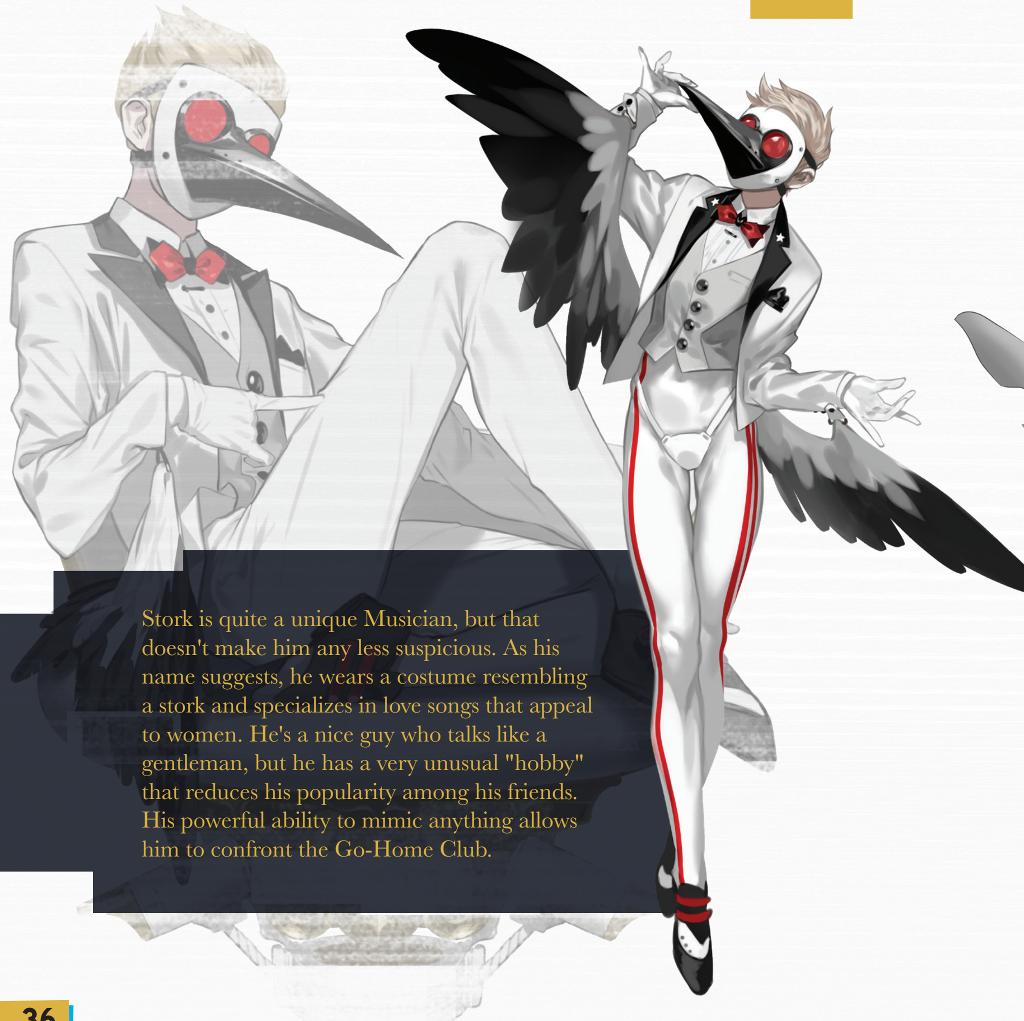
A law-abiding hero who idolizes justice and punishes those who resist in Mobius. He skillfully wields knives and shadows to condemn the wicked and the rebellious. He serves as μ's personal bodyguard due to his unique and effective combative abilities, even among the Musicians. However, Shadow Knife often has dramatic monologues and says awkwardly theatrical things like "He's the weakest of us Ostinato Musicians," making it difficult for others to respond. There are rumors that his name, appearance, and fighting skills are identical to that of an anime character who was popular a few years ago.

## Wicked



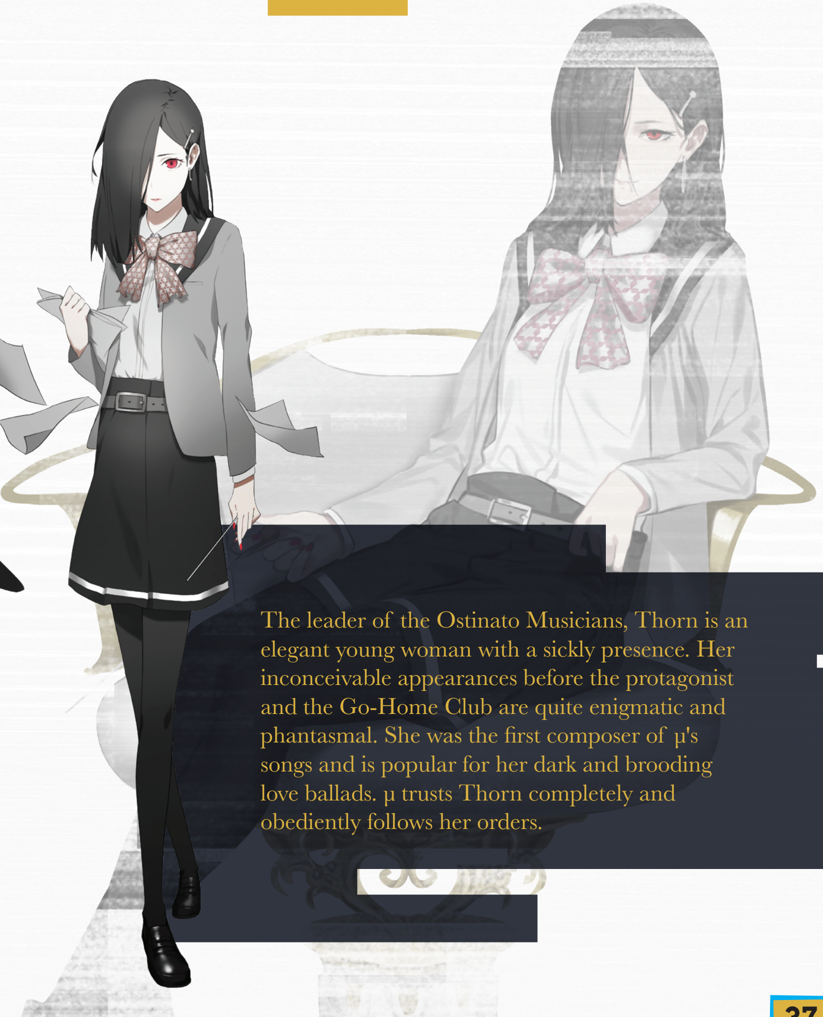
An Ostinato Musician shrouded in mystery. All that's known about her is that she composes music and that she exists. No one knows what she really looks like. Fraught with an extremely violent and explosive personality, Wicked's songs seem to mock everything and leave a huge impact on those who listen to them.

## Stork



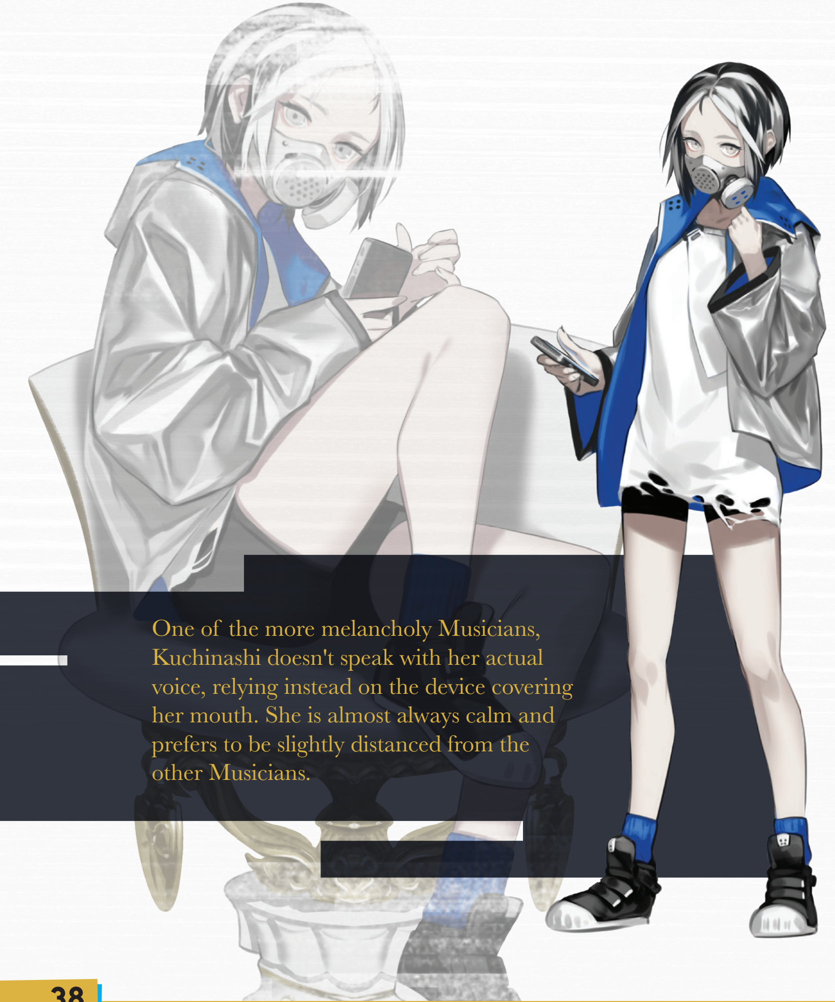
Stork is quite a unique Musician, but that doesn't make him any less suspicious. As his name suggests, he wears a costume resembling a stork and specializes in love songs that appeal to women. He's a nice guy who talks like a gentleman, but he has a very unusual "hobby" that reduces his popularity among his friends. His powerful ability to mimic anything allows him to confront the Go-Home Club.

## Thorn



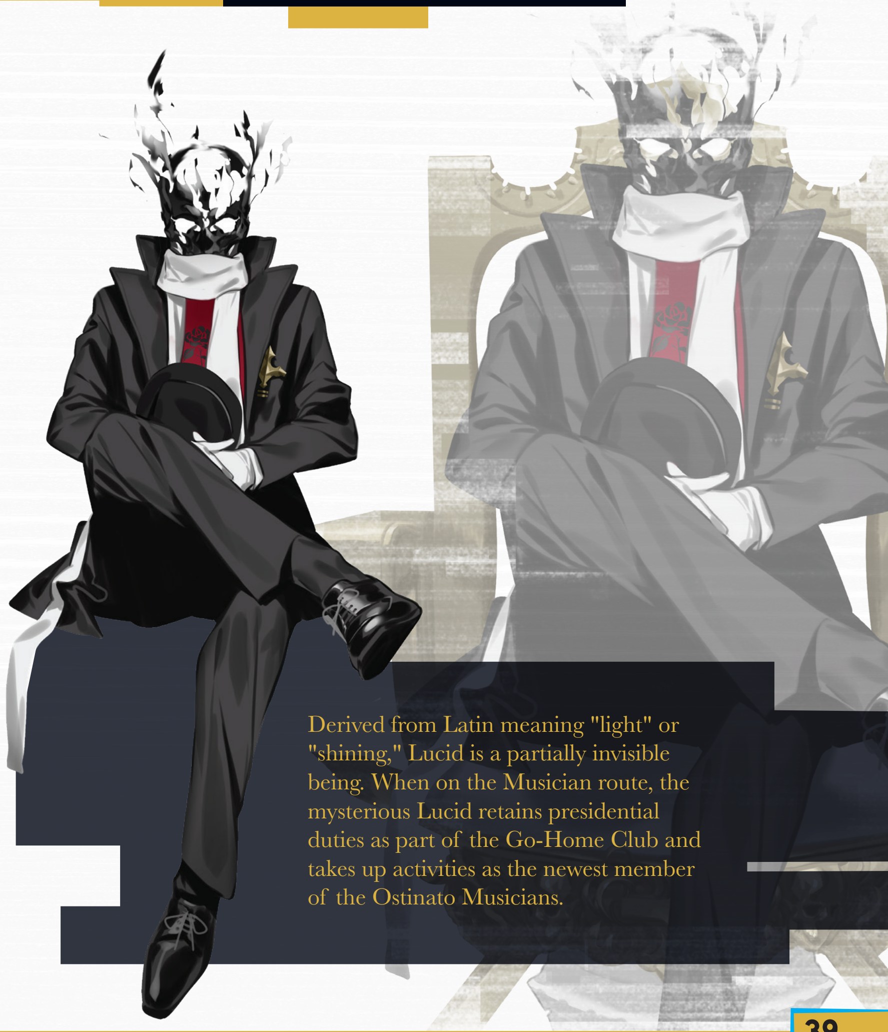
The leader of the Ostinato Musicians, Thorn is an elegant young woman with a sickly presence. Her inconceivable appearances before the protagonist and the Go-Home Club are quite enigmatic and phantasmal. She was the first composer of μ's songs and is popular for her dark and brooding love ballads. μ trusts Thorn completely and obediently follows her orders.

## Kuchinashi



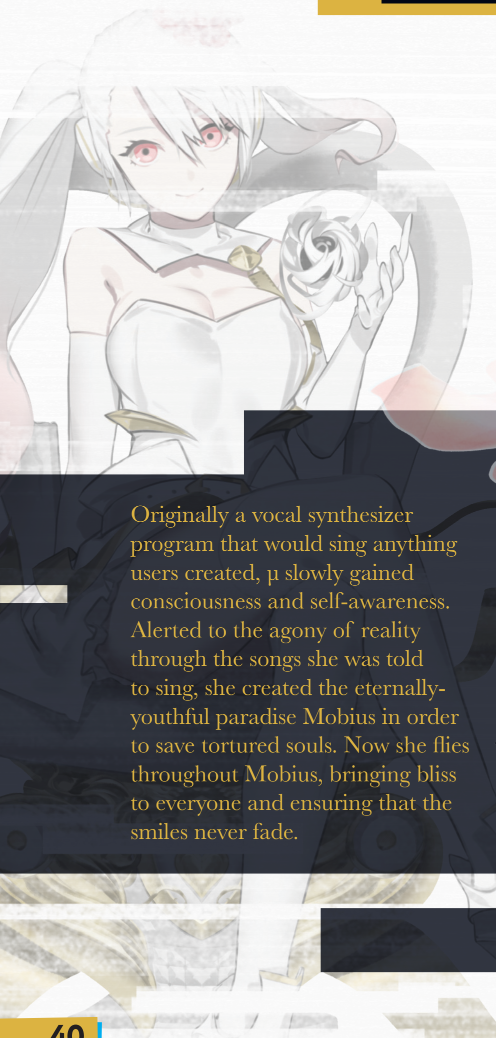
One of the more melancholy Musicians, Kuchinashi doesn't speak with her actual voice, relying instead on the device covering her mouth. She is almost always calm and prefers to be slightly distanced from the other Musicians.

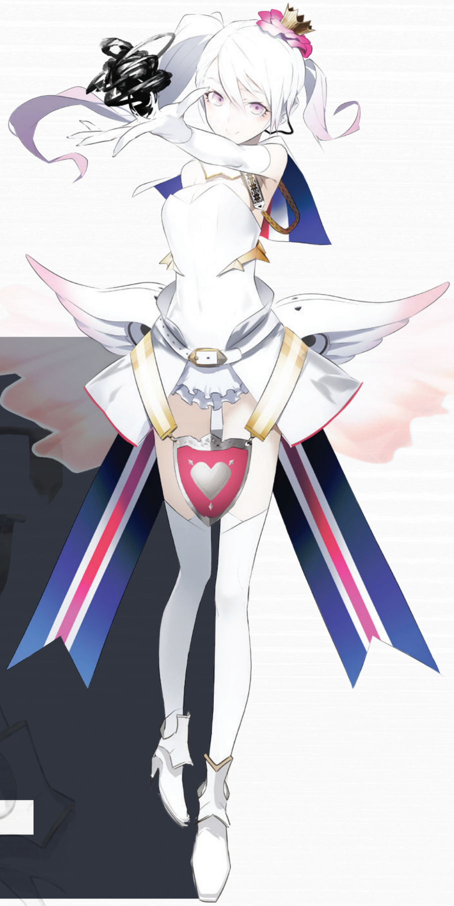
## Lucid



Derived from Latin meaning "light" or "shining," Lucid is a partially invisible being. When on the Musician route, the mysterious Lucid retains presidential duties as part of the Go-Home Club and takes up activities as the newest member of the Ostinato Musicians.

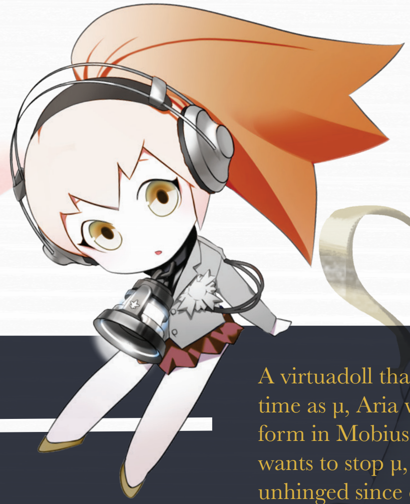
## μ

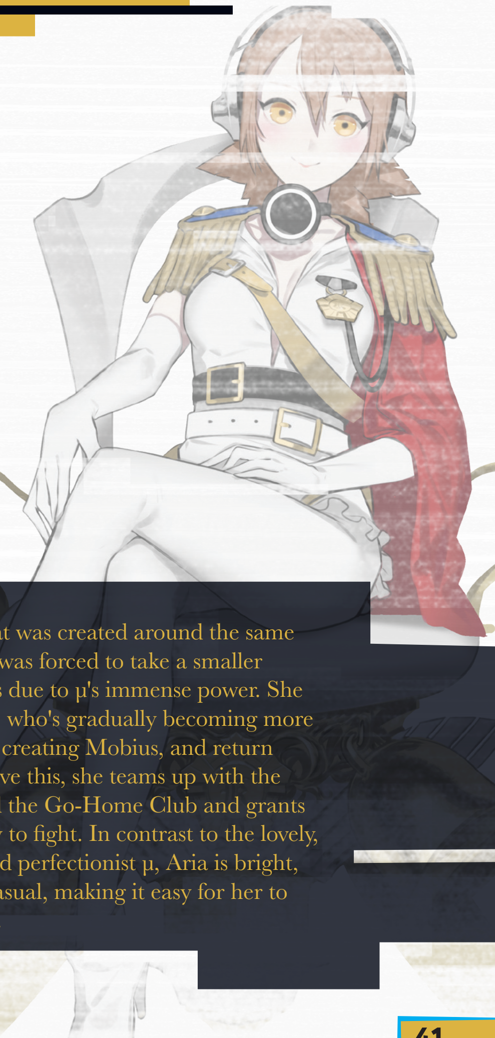




Originally a vocal synthesizer program that would sing anything users created, μ slowly gained consciousness and self-awareness. Alerted to the agony of reality through the songs she was told to sing, she created the eternally-youthful paradise Mobius in order to save tortured souls. Now she flies throughout Mobius, bringing bliss to everyone and ensuring that the smiles never fade.

## Aria





A virtuadoll that was created around the same time as μ, Aria was forced to take a smaller form in Mobius due to μ's immense power. She wants to stop μ, who's gradually becoming more unhinged since creating Mobius, and return home. To achieve this, she teams up with the protagonist and the Go-Home Club and grants them the ability to fight. In contrast to the lovely, immaculate, and perfectionist μ, Aria is bright, cheerful, and casual, making it easy for her to befriend others.

# LYRICS

# Suicide Prototype

Ostinato Musician / Lucid
Composer / UtsuP

The cells inside take a sudden turn  They are very unstable
I can't think of anything but to "escape" OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH
My weakness was found quickly  My enemy approaches swiftly
I can't avoid them any longer OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH

Runaway, Runaway, Runaway

I want to overhaul  This mechanism and ego
The broken place  That even you know
After making the great escape, it doesn't matter
where you go, there's no place, there's no use

The cells inside are like crazy  Choose something other than resisting
There's nothing besides "escape" OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH
Pride that was so easily taken away  The trusted theory was destroyed
I can't avoid it any longer OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH

Runaway, Runaway, Runaway

I want to overhaul  This mechanism and ego
The broken place  That even you know
After making the great escape, it doesn't matter
where you go, there's no place, there's no use

I want to overhaul  This mechanism and ego
The broken place  That even you know
After making the great escape, it doesn't matter
where you go, there's no place, there's no use

# LOVE SCOPE

Ostinato Musician / Stork
Composer / DECO*27

That's right. Since before you knew me
My feelings had already begun accelerating
They say this and that but the feelings don't change. I give you attention
Time turns back Today → Yesterday,
and I want to be by your side over and over

I will take every last thing that takes your smile
Let's let loose  These fiery heartbeats  Just don't get lost

Please charm me
See, the simple things are the easiest, Realization
I won't let you go until the day I die
Be sure to embrace everything. Right now, until it's clear

Please show me
Let's compare answers, Imagination
I don't want a forced love
I'm always watching you
Oh, right now, until it hurts

That's right, I'll hold onto your entire soul if you wish
I'll take it all at once
It wasn't what I expected when I touched it; how many times was I cursed as I neared you?
No matter, I knew you were special all this time

Tell me of the nights you want to cry, and stumble about
I want to protect you. I can't help it. I might show my face

Please teach me
With your sharp words, Recreation
How many times have we layered our love
I can enjoy it because there isn't enough. Please scold me again

Please teach me
Please don't hide it, Communication
I want to sing to you that no one knows
I want to peek at all your feelings, too
Oh, right now, until it hurts

Please charm me
See, the simple things are the easiest, Realization
I won't let you go until the day I die
Be sure to embrace everything. Right now, until it's clear

Please show me
Let's compare answers, Imagination
I don't want a forced love
I'm always watching you
Oh, right now, until it hurts

# Onboro

Ostinato Musician / Kuchinashi
Composer / Pinocchio-P

You stood there, holding a bomb. You stayed quiet
The unfortunate malignant tumor is getting bigger and bigger
The negative wisdom, and the thought that deepens wounds
are all tools to destroy the absurdity of the real world

The fleeting, fleeting, fleeting, fleeting, fleeting shackles of life
The grudge that was carved in after putting my hands together
I don't want it I don't want it I don't want it I don't want it
I don't want the relative excuse
The scream that gouges out your insides,
and ugly feelings that writhe in there

The worst life's proposition
I saw a dream of you smiling several years ago
I want to release all of this grief from here on
Even if I'm a pathetic, hopeless
ragged doll who lost her voice

I was alive at that time. My body had warmth
I was living absentmindedly, unaware of the evil that consumes all
I remember everything. The birthday cake,
my memories from starting school, the tears from being reprimanded

It won't disappear, disappear, disappear, disappear
Disappear, the shadows of the flames
My peace that was stepped on like a squashed bug
It won't heal, heal,
heal, heal, what is the correct answer?

The murderous intent that follows me around for life
And the feelings that fall to disappointment

A cruel destiny's original sin
Everyone is gone. I don't want to be alone
I want to kill the despairs and then sing. Ahhh
Clinging on tighter and tighter
Even a ragged doll who lost her voice

The days that won't return
To the nights I remember
when I close my eyes

The worst life's proposition
I saw a dream of you smiling several years ago
I want to release all of this grief from here on
Even if I'm a pathetic, hopeless
ragged doll who lost her voice

A cruel destiny's original sin
Everyone is gone. I don't want to be alone
I want to kill the despairs and then sing. Because I want to sing
I'm going to write songs, even if it's wrong
Even if I become a ragged doll
who lost her voice in the fire

# SHORT STORY

## A newww morniiing has come
## A mooorniiing of hooope

### 1

*"What is that... so early in the morning?"* Shogo complained, only half-awake, and promptly went back to bed. A familiar sound—an old favorite—seeped in through the open window, perfect for the morning. It wouldn't be heard on the radio at any other time of day.

*"But... it's not summer right now..."* It was now spring, but the cherry blossoms had only just started to bloom and the cold weather still permeated the air. Dusk still spread throughout the sky, yet the sun had started rising earlier; it felt like graduation day. The expectation to sing and perform exercises outside was particularly strange, almost comical. There wouldn't be anyone listening.

"...What does a new morning mean, anyway? Does that mean there's an old morning?" Shogo muttered. The pure and bright lyrics rubbed him the wrong way. But... in an odd sense, he saw that it was the same morning, just recycled.

*"This is Mobius, after all."*

It was confusing, this ideal world that the virtuadoll μ had created; it was a false mirror of the real world. Afternoon or night only meant the sky dimmed or brightened, and time was determined by spinning needles. There was neither progression nor regression—just repetition of the same thing, over and over. No matter how long anyone waited, a brand-new morning would never come. And though there was no despair, there was no hope, either—

"Ah, dammit."

Shogo was wide awake after thinking about silly matters. He kicked off his sheets, rolled over to the edge of the bed, stood up, and walked to the window. He was about to draw open the curtains when he hesitated.

*"What would I do... if something was outside?"* he thought.

He had always kept his curtains closed and his head down. He knew he might see something he didn't want to see. But in reality, he was afraid of the imminent morning. It would remind him that the world was always revolving, regardless of whether he was there or not.

*"This is torture."* But in the corner of his mind, he knew the truth. This was the appropriate punishment.

### 2

Kotono glanced around the kitchen, then snapped out of her reverie.

"Maybe this was a bit much?" she said to herself.

Everyone was meeting in the club room that afternoon, so she had started preparing some food to take with her. But she had gone slightly overboard in her preparations. The food she had made covered her entire kitchen counter: fluffy tamagoyaki, browned chicken karaage, hearty potato salad, cheesy meatballs, and crispy fried shrimp, plus egg salad, tuna salad, and ham sandwiches. They weren't super creative, but they were all classic staples of bentos.

"I hope everyone likes them."

The light shining in the kitchen brilliantly illuminated her culinary masterpieces. She patted herself on the back for a job well done. After a moment, she looked at the window. The dimmed sky had lost all traces of night and had glowed a bright blue when she had first woken up in the morning. People outside could now be heard going about their busy day.

Kotono loved this time of day. She'd wake up early, crack open the window to let some air in, and pour her heart into cooking. If she had time, she'd also do a little cleaning before leaving the house. She liked performing these fulfilling tasks. She felt like it helped her pacify and organize her feelings.

*"That's right. It'll be okay."*

Even though the days repeated, she lived them more honestly than anyone else—as a loving, selfless person who cared for those most important to her.

*"The food turned out great."* She took a deep breath, then carefully started packing the food into plastic containers.

*"I'm okay."* I'm okay. I'm okay. She kept repeating those words in her soul, as if casting a spell. After all, Mobius, this distorted world, was so good and just.

### 3

Mifue panted as she ran toward the school.

"Mmm! I feel great!" It was amazing how eating a balanced breakfast, getting some sun, and exercising a little could naturally make someone feel so much better. But this was Mobius, a world that was created by μ. It was a world that she shouldn't be in.

*"Ah... No, no. I can't think about that right now!"* She shook her head to try and get rid of her worries.

This wasn't the time to become depressed. It was the time to find a way to leave Mobius with her friends. Had Mifue been alone at that moment, she would've still been sitting in the corner of her room, weighed down with the shock of discovering that Mobius wasn't real. There was a chance she wouldn't even feel as happy as she currently felt.

*"I'm so happy I met everyone in the Go-Home Club."*

The Go-Home Club: a student organization founded after discovering that Mobius wasn't real. Its main mission: find a way out of this false paradise. It currently consisted of five members, including Mifue. Though their hangouts functioned more like meetings rather than actual club activities, there was the potential for additional members to come on board in the future.

*"I'm sure there are others like us who remembered the real world..."*

They were probably feeling lonely.

*"I wanna hurry and find them."*

They had made a critical decision to return to the real world and were keeping it a secret from everyone else. It was better to have more friends to share this responsibility with. It had only been six months since Mifue had come to Mobius. After the graduation ceremony, she had learned more about what had happened from others who had been trapped in Mobius for a while.

It would be a downright lie to simply say "I don't feel helpless at all," but it was easier to say "I'm sure it'll be all right."

"It's really all thanks to the president and the others."

She said this to herself without slowing down her pace. She continued to quickly move forward with long strides. Her legs taking steps when she commanded them to, her arms maintaining balance without thought, her heart changing its beats to match her level of exercise... She felt every movement in her body to keep pushing through and moving forward.

*"Ahhh, this feels great."*

Running with energy, talking with friends at school, eating together, laughing—well, there might be fights, but there would always be time to make up later.

She was so happy to have a life where that was expected every day, which fueled her desire to return to reality.

*"I need to try again."*

There were things left unsaid; she needed to thank some people and apologize to others. It was the reason why she ran.

"The sun is so bright..."

As she ran, she wiped away the sweat that had gathered in the corners of her eyes. She saw the school, despite her blurry vision. The words "Graduation Ceremony" were affixed to a sign next to the familiar gate.

## 4

"Mifue-chan...!" Suzuna, who had been standing by the entrance for a while, called out loudly and ran to Mifue.

"Oh, Suzuna-chan!" Mifue shouted.

"I'm so glad... I didn't think you'd make it in time."

"Ah, sorry! I overslept a bit."

Mifue laughed; Suzuna noticed a bread crumb on her lips. It looked like Mifue had made sure to eat breakfast, even though she'd been running late.

*"It's just like Mifue-chan to do that."*

Suzuna quickly wiped the crumb off and went ahead of Mifue.

"We need to hurry to the gymnasium," she laughed.

She waited for Mifue to change into her indoor shoes, and they walked down the hallway together.

"Hey, Suzuna-chan. Were you waiting for me?"

"Yeah. If no one was here when you got here... wouldn't you feel a little sad?"

"Awww, you're so sweet! Thank youuu!!!" Mifue smiled happily.

"You're making such a big deal out of it, Mifue-chan."

"No I'm not! I just really respect how much you think about others."

"Well, I... I really admire how bright and happy you always are, Mifue-chan."

"Whaaat...? Really?"

"Yeah." Suzuna nodded.

Mifue blushed and grinned, feeling a little embarrassed.

"Thank you. That's so nice of you to say that!"

When Suzuna told someone about how she felt, they'd always respond in a very straightforward and honest manner. It wasn't just Mifue; everyone in the Go-Home Club always listened to what Suzuna had to say. When she struggled with words, they'd always wait patiently and never laugh behind her back. Because of that, Suzuna was able to find the strength to move forward. Even at that moment, she still hadn't been able to fully adjust to everyone else's pace, but her introverted tendencies were starting to change a little. She'd never thought that she'd be okay being around anyone, but she was starting to feel a bit braver. Her thoughts about not belonging anywhere were only in her head. At the moment, this was a fun and comfortable place to be.

*"I just hope... everyone's not actually annoyed with me and I'm just oblivious to it."* The thought spilled from her heart like ink and stained the pit of her stomach.

"Suzuna-chan? Why did you get quiet all of a sudden?"

"Oh... Ummm..." Suzuna looked down in a panic, worried that Mifue had heard her doubts.

*"I'm so terrible... to doubt everyone like that."*

But Mifue was giggling, not appearing upset at all.

"Stuff like this is kinda embarrassing to say out loud, huh? I get it."

"Y-Yeah..."

"But I felt like this was the perfect time to say it. Maybe 'cause it's graduation?"

"Oh... Yeah, that might be it."

An empty hallway... The nervous energy swirling about... The bright sunlight coming in... The cherry blossoms in the courtyard just starting to bloom...

"It's really graduation, huh? It feels weird," Suzuna remarked.

Mifue nodded in agreement.

"It really does feel weird. It hasn't been that long since we came to Mobius."

Suzuna and Mifue had come to Mobius around the same time and **started off as 3rd Years.**

"It'd feel more natural to start as 1st Years. I wonder why it's this way..."

"That's so true. But, well, maybe it feels weird to us because we realized what Mobius is, and the other students don't really notice what age they are..."

"But... Is it really okay?" Suzuna asked, worried.

"...? What do you mean, 'okay'?" Mifue responded, looking puzzled.

"Because... then everything would be as if it never existed..."

As its name implied, Mobius was a circular world with no end. In this world filled only with high school students, "graduation" wasn't a gateway to a new beginning, but rather a checkpoint where students changed years.

"The older kids were saying that 3rd Years will forget what happened up until now and start school again as 1st Years..."

Most students hadn't even realized they were in Mobius, which is why they were able to restart their fun high school lives without noticing the rift in time. Either their memories would get modified appropriately or be entirely forgotten.

"What if we forget everything tomorrow..." Suzuna started to panic.

If she forgot everything... The Go-Home Club, everyone else, the decision to return to the real world... If she went back to before she joined the Go-Home Club...

"It's okay! Shogo-san said that he was the same."

"But..."

Mobius was a never-ending "paradise." With her immense power, μ allowed people to forget the cruel reality and let them relive their high school years as their ideal selves. For the students, staying in Mobius was pure "happiness"; the Go-Home Club, attempting to return to that cruel reality, was seen as the "variants."

"There's some sort of strange power during the graduation ceremony, right? So there's a chance our memories will also be erased..."

"Really?" Mifue said. "But... if they can specifically target us, our memories would've been erased a long time ago. They wouldn't wait until graduation. And, ummm... Remember what Shogo said? It's not that time is reversed but... it's something else."

"Time doesn't reverse, it goes forward and is twisted...'"

"Yes, that's it! And see? We've never been **1st Years before**," Mifue said.

"So we're just going to be 1st Years and keep our memories, right?"

"Yeah..."

Suzuna repressed her uncertainty and nodded.

Mifue laughed brightly.

"You worry too much, Suzuna-chan. Even if we do forget, the other members won't, so I'm sure we'll be able to remember again. Besides, I'll pester you and tell you a bunch of stories about the Go-Home Club if you ever DO forget!"

"M-Me too...!"

It was scary for Suzuna to even think that Mifue might forget about her. If that happened, though, Suzuna knew she'd work hard to help Mifue regain her memories—she wanted to be the kind of person who was brave enough to do so.

"Okay, I'm counting on you! And... if I can't remember... I mean, of course I wouldn't want that, but just in case it did happen... I think we could become friends over and over again, right?"

"Mifue-chan..."

"Huh!? Wha—oh no. Suzuna-chan, are you crying!?"

"I-I'm sorry... I'm just so happy..."

"Awww, man... This isn't fair..."

"I'm sorry, I'm such a crybaby."

"Oh, no, that's not why I said that!" Mifue's voice began to falter.

Surprised, Suzuna looked up and saw Mifue red-nosed and tearing up.

"Please, not today. I'll start crying too!"

## 5

Kotaro nodded proudly, exclaiming "Perfect!" Kotono entered the music room, which also functioned as the Go-Home Club's headquarters.

"Great timing! Kotono, take a look at this!" He pointed at the blackboard in the front of the room. Kotono looked over and squinted at it.

"Oh, it's some chalk art," she remarked. "Did you draw this, Kotaro-kun? It's really good."

"Right?" Kotaro huffed proudly and puffed his chest. He'd used red, yellow, green, blue, and white chalk to draw "Congradulations on graduating!" in gigantic letters, caricatures of Mifue and Suzuna, and petals around them. The illustration had taken him three hours to complete.

"Today's the graduation ceremony, after all! And—" He was about to say "I've always wanted to draw them!" but he stopped himself.

*"Whoops..."*

If he said it like that, it'd be like admitting he'd **never drawn them before.**

"...Um, I mean, with my talent, something like this is a piece of cake!" His voice unnaturally pitched up, but Kotono seemed to be unbothered by it and smiled.

"I'm sure Mifue-chan and Suzuna-chan will love it."

"R-Right!?"

"But you were so close."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

Kotono tilted her head and walked toward the blackboard. She lightly poked at the "d" in "Congradulations."

"This should be a 't' actually."

"Wha—? Oh, noooooo!!"

He hadn't noticed at all until she had pointed it out.

"I can't believe I did that..."

It would be hard to completely replace the letter, and erasing it would also erase everything around it.

"But if I start redrawing it, they'll probably get here before I finish..."

"Let's just leave it like this. It doesn't stand out that much, so I think it's okay."

"What?" Kotaro said, incredulous. "Are we just gonna pretend it's not messed up?"

It was true that the girls probably wouldn't notice if they didn't say anything. But it still felt like lying, which Kotaro didn't feel good about. That being said, though, it would be a shame to erase all his hard work.

*"But if I leave the mistake in, it doesn't feel finished either."*

He glanced at Kotono hesitantly, who frowned and tilted her head at him.

"It's not like you're trying to fool them. You're trying to show them how you feel with this art, right? I don't think it matters if it's misspelled."

"Really?"

"Yes, I think so."

"It's that simple?"

"Of course... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have pointed it out in the first place. I should've just stayed quiet."

"Naw, it's good you did. Thanks for telling me, Kotono."

Kotono smiled. "You're so honest, Kotaro-kun. I'd like to set up the food and put up some decorations before they arrive," she continued. "Could you help me?" She placed the large tote bag she had been carrying on the table.

"Whoaaa! There's so much!"

Kotono pulled out the plastic containers from the bag.

"Did you make all of this, Kotono?"

"Yes. But maybe it's a bit too much... I was having so much fun cooking, but I might've gone a bit overboard."

"Nah, I think it's fine! I eat a lot anyway. I bet Mifue eats a ton too!"

"I hope so. Oh, that reminds me, could you sample a few?"

"Oh, for sure!" Kotaro exclaimed giddily.

He opened up the container closest to him and saw bite-sized chicken karaage inside. He grabbed a piece with a toothpick in it and popped it into his mouth.

"Oh, wow! It's so good!"

"I'm glad. Oh, why don't you try this one?"

"...? It looks good... but what is it?"

"Just try it."

It was a container of white food wrapped up and held together with toothpicks. Kotaro cocked his head, then tossed a piece into his mouth.

"Oh! There's cheese and mayo inside! The outside is... Uhhh, I dunno what it is."

"It's chikuwa. I rolled it up and put it in the oven."

"Ohhh! This is amazing. I could eat a hundred of 'em! Heh, they might be all gone before the girls get here."

Kotono giggled. "There are plenty of other foods, so maybe you should save some room for them. If you like it so much, I can make some more for you next time."

"Really!? I definitely want to eat it again!"

"Then I'll make extra for you the next time I make a bento."

"A bento, huh? That'd be nice! I'm always buying at the cafeteria—"

No one had ever made a bento for him.

*"...I don't think I should say that either."*

It had happened again. The words became lodged in his throat. She was a dear friend to him, but he couldn't even tell her the truth. He trusted his friends from the bottom of his heart. If something dangerous were to happen to him, he knew without hesitation that they would have his back. But he didn't want anyone to know about him.

*"I mean, it's so pathetic. Super uncool."* But putting on a façade and not being able to say what was really on his mind... was even more uncool.

"If you're okay with it, I can make you bentos in the future."

Kotaro raised his head at Kotono's voice, unaware he had started looking down in the first place.

"It's not that different making them for two people than for one person. It wouldn't be anything fancy, if that's all right." Kotono smiled warmly.

*"Kotono's always smiling."*

She would always gently accept the mistakes he made with a soft smile and forgive him. And she would always be firm but kind in voicing her opinions and telling people if they were in the wrong.

*"She's so mature."*

He understood why someone as uncool as him had come to Mobius, but why was she here? He couldn't even imagine.

Maybe... there were things Kotono couldn't tell people, either.

*"But... Kotono's a good person."*

Kotono was one of the Go-Home Club members he trusted completely, no questions asked. Even if not everything was all right... Even if there were things that had to be left unsaid...

*"Kotono's my friend."*

"...Yeah. That's fine."

"Hm? What's wrong? I'd be happy to do it for you."

"Y-Yeah. Then... I'd love to have one! I look forward to it!"

He didn't have the will to open up about himself immediately, nor did he have the courage to talk to Kotono. But as long as they'd be able to talk to each other someday...

"Huh. You've got quite the festivities going on in here."

The classroom door suddenly opened. Shogo, founder and president of the Go-Home Club, entered the room. He was a 2nd Year student, the same as Kotaro and Kotono.

"Shogo! You're late," Kotaro admonished.

"I went back to bed," Shogo admitted, sighing lazily. "Shouldn't be a problem as long as I'm here around noon, right? The graduates are still in the gymnasium, after all."

"Aren't you excited for graduation day!?" Kotaro exclaimed.

"Hey. Why do I have to be excited for graduation...?"

"You're the president, aren't you!?"

"Sorry, but I don't see how that's related," Shogo sighed again, annoyed with the conversation, and sat in the chair closest to him. "Do ***you*** want to be the president?"

"What!?" Kotaro exclaimed, shocked. "Seriously!? Heck yes!"

"Hey. Don't make decisions like that on your own," Kotono chimed in.

"What the hell, Kotono," Kotaro spat angrily. "Why can't I be the prez!? Shogo doesn't seem to give a damn about it."

"Shogo's the one who created the club. It makes the most sense for him to take responsibility and be the president."

"I'm not fit to be a leader," Shogo sighed, yet again.

"You say that all the time."

"Kotono. Let's forget this for now. Could I get something to eat? I'm a little hungry."

Kotono put her hands on her hips and frowned at Shogo, who wanted to drop the subject.

"I'm sure you know this already, but the rest of the club will hear about this later."

"Well then, I'll just be taste-testing."

"What am I going to do with you..." Kotono sighed and shook her head. She put some food on a small paper plate and handed it to Shogo.

"I didn't get any drinks yet. Could you come with me later to get some from the vending machine?"

Shogo nodded, then started stuffing his face with food.

Kotono shook her head again, then turned to Kotaro.

"Well, we can't rely on Shogo, so let's just finish getting everything ready."

"Sounds good to me!"

"You know I can hear you both," mumbled Shogo.

"Oh? So you're going to help set up the food and decorate the room?" Kotono asked haughtily.

"Er... I'll leave the logistics to you."

"Thought so."

A cold wind came in from the open window. The wind gently fluttered the curtain. Faint music could be heard as the curtain settled back down.

***When you think back on it***
***The days and months quickly went by***
***Now it is finally time***
***Time for our goodbye***

## 6

Naruko sat in the back of the gym and sighed. "Not good enough," she muttered to herself. *"A graduation ceremony is way too normal. It won't make a good article at all. Man..."*

Gossiper, the popular social networking site, was as lively as usual today, but it was littered with ordinary posts like "Let's stay friends forever even after graduating." Despite that, no one could ever predict when an incident might occur, and there was no going back if it was missed. She didn't have any acquaintances that were 3rd Years, so she couldn't depend on tips. That's why as a 1st Year, she had to go out of her way to attend a ceremony she had no affiliation with and check out the scene.

*"A super-detailed blackboard art might be pretty amazing, but that's not what I'm looking for!"* Even so, she couldn't think of an incident that might happen at a graduation ceremony.

*"Hmmm... What could possibly happen...?"* If an accident did occur, she knew it'd be something mild, like a person getting nervous and falling down or fainting. Even if she set up something to happen, the graduating students would just make a fuss on stage.

*"Hmmm. Maybe μ will have a surprise live concert on stage?"* The thought had just occurred to her. μ hadn't been performing recently for some reason, so seeing her live was extremely rare.

*"That'd be awesome. And if the Doll-Ps suddenly hijacked the broadcasting room...! Oooh, people would get so excited!"*

The Doll-Ps created cutting-edge music for μ and had their own passionate fan bases within the school.

*"Oh, and then maybe I could get an exclusive interview with them!?!?"* She knew that if she got to do an exclusive broadcast, it'd get tons of views and go viral.

*"Yes! This plan is great! Hehe, I'm so smart!"* Naruko gave herself a mental pat on the back, but her face fell when she realized what was actually going on.

In the gym, a middle-aged man who appeared to be the principal was speaking in a monotone voice. Traditional graduation music could be heard playing in the background as students received their diplomas. She couldn't even find a hint of excitement anywhere.

*"Geez... No romanticism in here at ALL."*

She knew that it was times like these when unpredictable things started to happen. Still, she was bored out of her mind.

*"Ugh... My day to day is just soooooo dull. Nothing exciting ever happens."* She wondered if it was just how daily life was. *"My show's pretty popular, and I've got a few fans online."* Everything was going well. Just as she had imagined.

*"But is it really okay like this?"*

Things should be more thrilling. More earnest. She couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling that "something" was missing—

"Ugh... What am I thinking?"

She jumped off that train of thought, which was about to derail. It was almost like she was wishing for something horrible to happen.

"No way! I'm not looking for bad stuff, I just want something super interesting! Right!" she whispered to herself, trying to sound convincing. She opened the Gossiper app and skimmed through her timeline. But nothing of significance appeared. It wasn't enough. Something was missing.

"Awww geez. It's way too peaceful today... Sigh..."

## 7

Izuru heaved a heavy sigh. There was a sign at the school entrance almost as tall as he was.

*"Graduation ceremony..."*

He didn't attend school every day and only went when he felt like it. He had completely forgotten about special events like graduation. So it came as a shock to him to find the atmosphere different from usual. He'd been looking forward to the leisurely environment he found after school, but now there was a lot of restless energy. He had just started to return home when...

"Minezawa."

He was stopped by a familiar voice.

*"Shogo Satake... And with him are..."*

There were four others present. Two of them had a rolled-up piece of paper with a red ribbon and flowers pinned to their lapels. He could tell they were graduating 3rd Years.

"...? President, do you know him?"

A 3rd Year girl with short hair had called Shogo "President."

*"So that's what's going on."*

Shogo didn't seem like the type of guy who had a lot of friends in school, though Izuru knew he himself was no different. He had wondered why Shogo was with girls who weren't in his year, but then he understood.

*"I believe it was called the Go-Home Club...?"*

Six months ago, Shogo had suddenly grabbed Izuru by the collar.

"You see it too, don't you?" Shogo had asked him. Since that day, Shogo had kept asking Izuru to join the club every time they ran into each other.

"So, Minezawa. Have you changed your mind?"

"...I don't know what you're talking about."

Izuru feigned ignorance and looked away from them. In reality, Izuru knew he wanted to return to the real world as soon as possible.

*"Even so, I don't want to join a group."*

He had said this countless times already, but Shogo refused to budge. He knew that it showed their dedication to their task, but that wasn't reason enough for him to concede.

"Ohhh! This is the guy you were talking about, Shogo! I get it. What year are ya?"

"1st Year," Shogo responded, knowing full well that Izuru wouldn't answer. Even then, why did Shogo insist on talking to him every time they ran into each other? Shogo knew that Izuru's answer wouldn't change, no matter how many times he was asked.

"Oh, a 1st Year? Then you'll be our senpai **next.**"

"S-Suzuna-chan... Should you... *Should you say that?*" the girl next to her nervously whispered. Shogo nodded.

"Minezawa is the same as us. He knows."

"I-Is that so... I'm relieved."

"Wow! I knew there were others like us!"

They heard loud voices nearby, which were irritating but not worth paying attention to. Izuru was about to leave when he heard someone say, "Minezawa-kun. Would you like to come to our room?"

Another girl stepped forward, warmly smiling. Izuru knew that was the smile of someone who really liked people. He sneered coolly, then realized that he had stopped trying to leave. He was lacking something humans needed.

*"I've known that for a while now."*

That's why he was imprisoned in Mobius.

The girl was still smiling at him, oblivious to the despair he felt.

"I made too much food for our graduation party. It would be so great if you would help us out with finishing it all."

"Good idea. Let's forget about whether you're going to join the club or not for now. What do you think?"

"Come on! Kotono's REALLY good at cooking! And you can see the blackboard art that I drew, too!"

"Even though it's misspelled..."

"Shut up! It still makes sense!!!"

"Oh, let's take a photo in front of the sign right now. Want to join us?"

"Hey, don't ignore me!"

"Kotaro-senpai... P-Please calm down."

They kept talking at him, one after the other. He didn't even feel like responding to them. He finally turned his back on them and walked away.

"Minezawa," someone called out to him.

He didn't look back or slow down this time. All he wanted to do was cover his ears as easily as he could shut his eyes. He kept marching forward, like a soldier on a mission.

"We welcome you any time. Just think about it."

## 8

Eiji glanced at the two people standing near the front gate.

"They're always together."

Shogo Satake and Kotono Kashiwaba were in the same year. Kotono had a great personality and was one of the most beautiful girls in her year—no, in the entire school. He surmised it wouldn't be a bad idea to get acquainted with her if he had the chance. Shogo, the man next to Kotono, was pretty interesting. Eiji knew that Shogo was a dependable person, but he also knew that Shogo became annoyed when getting involved in other people's business. It was almost like Shogo had a sign around his neck that said, "Please bother me." It intrigued Eiji's sadistic side.

*"Well, that's not important right now."*

Then why were Shogo and Kotono always together?

After observing them for a while, he failed to see the commonality between them. One was an ordinary, dull boy, the other was the most beautiful flower of them all. They were on completely different levels. On top of that, he thought it unlikely for them both to hang out with the upperclassmen after school. He could see Kotono doing it, but he couldn't see Shogo overcoming those boundaries and making friends. He had seen them whispering about things when they saw each other. And they would suddenly stop talking when people approached them. "It's nothing," they would always say. Occasionally he'd overhear bits of their conversations.

After six months, he'd finally come to a conclusion.

*"They've also realized that this isn't the real world... Which means Izuru Minezawa also knows?"*

Shogo had said they'd welcome him any time.

There was a high possibility that this motley crew of friends had banded together after noticing the deception of this world.

*"Maybe I'll poke around a bit to check."*

They might be useful, at least a little bit.

He'd been trapped in Mobius for nearly five years. **It was just about time that he could finally go home.**

"Well, I've had enough fun. It was a pretty good vacation. Hmhm..."

As Eiji smirked to himself, he heard someone exclaim, "Ew, gross!"

*"...What?"*

The sharp language was drastically different from the beautiful voice that had just expressed disgust. It took him a few moments to locate the voice's identity. The voice belonged to a very pretty girl, though he couldn't really make out her face. At times like these, though, he knew he could depend on his instinct.

"Did you say something to me?" he asked, suppressing his annoyance after considering her beauty. However, the girl quickly left without saying anything, apparently not having heard him.

"Damn..."

Eiji had tried to hide his irritation as much as possible, but some of it had spilled out.

*"Oh well."*

He immediately thought of ten different ways to make her regret being rude to him, but he shook his head.

He glared at the long shadows created by the sunset, smiling a little.

*"I can do anything I put my mind to... After all, I'm Eiji Biwasaka."*

He always made sure to savor every last drop of whatever he enjoyed.

He'd been like that for as long as he could remember.

***Before we knew it, years had passed.***
***In the morning when we open the door, we part ways.***

## 9

"...It's all going to end," Kensuke sighed to himself in the empty gym.

The sun had just set; the sky was tinted a dark orange with hints of indigo. A cool air fluttered around his feet.

"We, the graduating class, have finally reached this fine day where we feel the anticipated spring."

This was part of the speech that he had written as representative of the graduating class.

"When we reflect back three years ago, we entered those gates for the first time with anxiety and expectation in our hearts... Ahaha!"

In reality, he hadn't gone through those gates three years prior. It had only been his second year since being invited to Mobius.

Unlike the other students, he hadn't "ended up" here.

He had been "invited" by μ.

He'd been extended a special invitation to become an Ostinato Musician, a Doll-P who supported Mobius by creating songs for μ.

"It's going swimmingly."

Kensuke's songwriting was going well... almost too well. The word "inspiration" was starting to get a little old, and he was easily able to acquire more fans with every new song released. It was way too easy for him to become a popular producer.

It seemed like "reality" was wrong after all.

"...Hm? A phone call?" His smartphone buzzed loudly.

The call was from the leader of the Ostinato Musicians. He answered immediately.

"Hello? Yes, the graduation ceremony is over... Hm? You want me to give the speech for the incoming class?"

The person on the other line was telling him to provide a speech as a representative for the new students on the same day he had given a speech at graduation.

The idea was ludicrous. Kensuke could barely contain his laughter.

"...It would be an honor. I'll gladly do it."

After he hung up, Kensuke left the gym.

Stars were beginning to sprinkle the night sky. Once the clock struck midnight, graduating students would once again be filled with worry and anticipation.

"Well, it's not like I'm going to have fewer fans, so it doesn't really matter. Things are going pretty smoothly... Hm?"

He saw a bright star shooting across the sky.

"I didn't know there were shooting stars here."

Shooting stars in a fantasy world...

"How idiotic."

It was just like μ to include romanticism here.

Though shooting stars were widely rumored to be bad omens, they were also said to grant wishes.

But this was Mobius—a paradise where everyone's wishes were already supposed to come true. That's why he made a wish.

"Let's hope that things get more interesting from here on out."

THE END

## Director Commentary

**Hello to everyone who has purchased *The Caligula Effect: Overdose.***

**I am Takuya Yamanaka, the writer, producer, and director of *Caligula*. If you are reading this text, then that means you have ordered the limited edition for this title, and for that I offer my deepest gratitude.**

**In this day and age, when the world is overflowing with readily available music, I fully realize that as a fan of video games myself, ordering something is a lot to ask for, but hearing the amount of people ordering this game every day was encouraging for our production team.**

**I sincerely believe that we were able to deliver this game because of all the trust and anticipation we received. I truly thank you all.**

**I received a request saying, "We have some extra pages for the artbook, so please write a message!" so I will take this opportunity to explain this title a bit.**

### *The Caligula Effect*

**The more you're not supposed to see something, the more you want to see it. When something is forbidden, it becomes more desirable. It's a psychological effect on people.**

**This title is a school-life juvenile RPG that was created around this psychological effect. You want to see something you shouldn't see, or do something you shouldn't do. This game is filled with those kinds of things.**

**Now, though I hold titles such as director and producer for *Caligula*, I believe at the root of it all, I'm someone who creates stories. And when I think of stories, what I think about first is "what kind of emotions I want the player to feel."**

**In *Caligula*, there is the feeling of "immorality."**

**Immorality. The opposite of morality.**

**"Idol Killer" is the key word for the immorality that I wanted you all to feel.**

That's right. *Caligula* is the story of killing an idol.

The reason why the "god killer" story has been loved throughout the years is because it is immoral. Killing the highest power that created humanity and the object of worship. It's because you instinctively recognize what you ethically shouldn't do that this story is filled with a sweet and beautiful joy.

However, when I finally sat down and thought about putting a god killer in my story, I started thinking that people weren't as religious in this modern day and age. How many people in today's society truly believed in God? Is there some other being, one more familiar, that was being worshipped?

And I thought of idols. Beings that were always asked to be allies for the masses. I thought these beings had a similar role to that of gods.

The idols in this game love you all so purely. They adore everyone, are sensitive to your reactions, want to do everything to make you happy, will give you whatever you want, work very hard to understand you, and spoil you to no end, all just so you can be even a little bit happier. They work very, very hard.

And what if you had to kill those innocent idols?

Weighing options is a problem that modern humans deal with. This game is filled with raw, ordinary characters who aren't usually put into fantasy RPGs. They have small troubles that aren't at all understood by others. To them, however, these troubles are more difficult than defeating a dragon or an evil king.

This game, with a motley crew of characters, is the game that we've made. It would delight us if you played this game while feeling this immorality, while bearing this guilt, while hiding this elation.

Finally, because of everyone who loved the previous title *The Caligula Effect*, we were able to create *The Caligula Effect: Overdose*. We'd love to make another game that you can enjoy, so please look forward to it.

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